

The  
Progressive Music  
Series

Book Two



Silver, Burd  
and Com



Wanda Wakefield

Wanda Wakefield



# THE PROGRESSIVE MUSIC SERIES

FOR BASAL USE  
IN PRIMARY, INTERMEDIATE, AND GRAMMAR GRADES

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## BOOK TWO

*(Enlarged Edition)*



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# THE PROGRESSIVE MUSIC SERIES

BOOK ONE, 160 pages, for second and third  
grades

BOOK TWO, 192 pages, for fourth and fifth  
grades

BOOK THREE, 224 pages, for sixth and seventh  
grades

BOOK FOUR, 240 pages, for eighth grade

PRIMARY SONG BOOK FOR SIGHT  
READING

## TEACHER'S MANUALS

VOLUME I, for first, second, and third grades,  
with accompaniments for Book One and Primary  
Song Book, additional Rote Songs, Folk Dances  
and Singing Games

VOLUME II, for fourth and fifth grades, with accom-  
paniments for Book Two

VOLUME III, for sixth and seventh grades, with ac-  
companiments for Book Three

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## PREFACE

THE Progressive Music Series embodies the ideals of successful teachers and supervisors of public school music, and is based upon the principles of modern educational psychology. The authors have endeavored to realize two aims: to present songs that meet all the moods of childhood; and to arrange these songs so that they will form the basis of definite, progressive instruction, out of which shall grow a love for, and an intelligent appreciation of, the best in music.

The music material comprises the best that could be found in the libraries of America and Europe; original songs written by many of the foremost living composers, whose interest and co-operation were secured through personal interviews; and characteristic folk songs obtained from sources hitherto unavailable. All the material has been subjected to careful critical study both in regard to its musical worth and to its adaptability to school use. Equal care has been exercised in the selection of the words of the songs.

The Progressive Music Series recognizes three well-defined periods of child development during school life. The first, or *Sensory Period*, covers the first three school years. Book One, the Primary Song Book, and Teacher's Manual, Volume I, are designed for this period. The second, or *Associative Period*, begins with the fourth year and continues well into the seventh year. Books Two and Three and Teacher's Manuals, Volumes II and III, cover the work of this period. Book Four provides material for the third, or *Adolescent Period*.

Book Two is divided into four parts: Part One presents the technical work for the Fourth Year; Part Two the technical work for the Fifth Year; Part Three comprises art songs for general use in both years. In Parts One and Two the fundamental tonal and rhythmic concepts, acquired in the first three years, are presented as definite musical problems for formal drill. These problems are developed in a logical sequence through the topical organization of the song material in the successive chapters, which are so arranged that the pupil may proceed page by page. In developing these musical problems four steps are involved. (1) A review of a familiar song which contains the problem. (2) A clear statement of the problem to the pupils. (3) Thorough drill on the problem, isolated from the context. (4) Application of the known problem in reading songs in which it occurs. The art songs of Part Three are strong in emotional appeal to the pupil. They are not limited to his technical equipment, but embody many of the technical problems which will be studied in Book Three. Phrases made up of familiar figures and rhythms may be read by the pupil, but the teacher is expected to assist him in the more difficult passages.

## PREFACE

Part Four has been added to provide a greater variety of part song material than the earlier editions presented. The eighteen two-part songs increase the selection of art song material contained in Part Three. Because of the simplicity of this new material, the value of the book is distinctly increased. The additional part song material is especially serviceable in developing a more thorough mastery of the technical work in part singing as presented in Part Two, and in providing a more complete transition to three-part singing contained in Book Three.

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Alice V. L. Carrick for "The Rain," "Fairyland," "The Sandman," and "Wishing." Charles Keeler for "The Kite" and "The Brass Band" from "Elfin Songs of Sunland." George Reiter Brill for "Bringing in the Hay" and "What Becomes of the Moon" from "Rhymes of the Golden Age." Sophia T. Newman for "Pop Corn Song." Henry R. Pattengill, publisher, and the author for "The Four-Leaf Clover" from "Farmerkin's Farm Rhymes" by Dora H. Stockman. The Educational Publishing Company for "The Butterflies' Wings" from *Primary Education*. The publishers and the author's family for "A Little Philosopher" from "Little Knights and Ladies" by Margaret E. Sangster, copyright, 1895, by Harper and Brothers. Dana Estes & Company and the author for "A Meadow Song" by Laura E. Richards. Longmans, Green & Co. for "Bread and Butter" from "A Bunch of Blossoms" by E. Gordon Browne. *The Ladies' World* and Frank Walcott Hutt for "Two Kinds of People." F. A. Owen Company and the author for "What the Little Bird Said" by Virginia Baker and F. A. Owen Company for "In the Cornfield" by Maude M. Grant, and "An Arbor Day Song" by Susie M. Best, from *Primary Plans*. *The Youth's Companion* for "Flying Kites," "The Invitation," "The Month of March," "A Valentine for Grandma," "The Snow," and "After Vacation"; and *The Youth's Companion* and the authors for "A Strange Country" by Elizabeth Lincoln Gould, "A Wake-up Song" by Luella S. Curran, "Master Robin" by Zitella Cocke, "Wishing and Working" and "A Snowy Day" by Anna M. Pratt. Rand, McNally and Company and the authors for "Balloons" and "Hoof Beats" from "The Rhyming Ring" by Louise Ayres Garnett, and "The Little Leaves Dance," "The Shell Song," "Redbreast in the Cherry Tree," "An Adventure," and "Spring," from "Other Rhymes for Little Readers" by Wilhelmina Seegmiller. Milton Bradley Company for "A Prayer for Little Children" by Edith C. Rice, from *Kindergarten Review*. The Century Company and the authors for "The Bee and the Butterfly" by Margaret Eytine, "Katrina" by Stella George Stern, and "The Little Big Woman and the Big Little Girl," from "When Life is Young" by Mary Mapes Dodge. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company for "The Way the Rain Behaves." "The Cloud," "Sand Wells," and "Devotion," by Abbie Farwell Brown, and "Daisies" and "The Four Winds," by Frank Dempster Sherman, and "The Rivulet" by Lucy Larcom, are used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Co., authorized publishers of their works.

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# THE PROGRESSIVE MUSIC SERIES

## BOOK TWO

### PART ONE

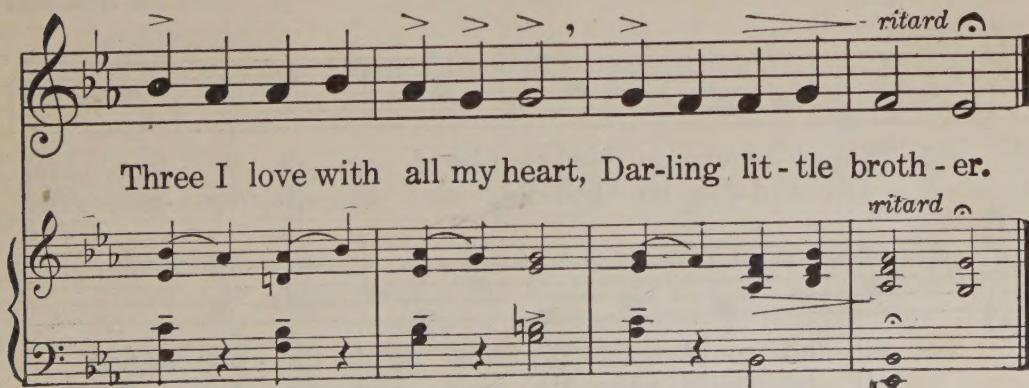
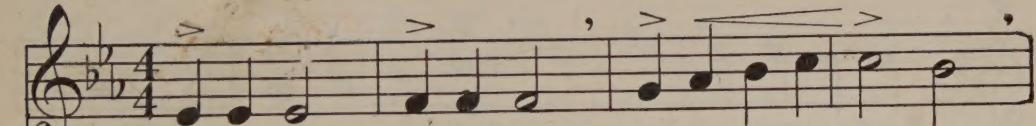
Chapter I: Melodies in the Major Scale; the Quarter-Note Beat

#### One I Love

Florence C. Fox

Alfred G. Wathall

*Composed for this Series*



# Bread and Butter

E. Gordon Brown

French Folk Song

Bread and but-ter, bread and but-ter, Cut it ve - ry thick;  
 Some for you and some for me, Oh, please to cut it quick!  
 Dam-son jam and hon - ey, Both taste ve - ry sweet; Won't you  
 spread a lit - tle on the top And give us all a treat?

# Fiddle-dee-dee

Eugene Field.

C. H. Hohmann

1. There once was a bird that lived up in a tree, And  
 2. Oh Fid-dle, oh Fid-dle, oh Fid-dle-dee-dee; And

all he could whis - tle was Fid - dle - dee - dee.  
 all he could whis - tle was Fid - dle - dee - dee.

# Choosing a Flower

7

Miriam Clark Potter  
*From the French*

(T. M. II, p. 129)

Allyre Bureau



1. "Come flow-ers to me! I'll choose one, the fair-est, The  
2. "Too haugh-ty is she; Of flow-ers, the proud-est, In  
3. "But she is too shy; She shuns the bright mea-dows, And  
4. "Though love-ly the rose, Her playmates she teas-es With



fin - est, the rar - est, My sis - ter to be." "The  
col - ors, the loud - est; She'll not do for me." "The  
hides in the shad - ows Her big gol - den eye." "The  
thorns when she pleas - es, As ev - 'ry - one knows." "No



tu - lip is gay - est, Most gor - geous - ly drest; And  
vio - let is mod - est, And fair - est of face; She  
rose smiles up - on you From beau - ti - ful bow'rs; Choose  
flow - er is per - fect, No mat - ter how rare; Come.



loved by the sun - light A - bove all the rest."  
loves the deep for - est With beau - ty to grace."  
her for your sis - ter, The queen of all flow'rs."  
play with us all then, Thro' sum - mer days fair."

## Morning Song

Ethel B. Howard

Folk Song

1. Heav'n-ly Fa - ther, rich in bless - ings, Morn-ing  
 2. With glad eyes I see Thy boun - ties, Flow'rs and  
 praise I sing to Thee. Thou hast made the sun - shine, sky and sea. Life and joy fill  
 earth so love - ly, With sweet rest hast strengthened me.  
 all my be - ing, For Thy gifts so rich and free.

## Flying Kites

(T. M. II, p. 130)

From *The Youth's Companion*

Folk Song

Bring your kites and let us play, For the wind is high to - day. Far a - bove the trees they'll fly,

Far a - bove the hous - es high. Now they're rea - dy,  
up they go! While we hold the string be - low.

## The Raindrop Soldiers

Virginia Baker

(T. M. II, p. 131)

Paul Bliss

*Composed for this Series*

1. The lit - tle raindrop sol - diers Are marching from the sky; In  
2. The lit - tle raindrop sol - diers Their du - ty all will do; The

u - ni-forms of sil - ver I see them fi - ling by. Their  
thirs-ty earth they'll wa - ter, And fill the streamlets, too. Their

wee drums beat a rat - a - tat, Rat - a - tat, rat - a - tat; Their  
wee drums beat a rat - a - tat, Rat - a - tat, rat - a - tat; Their

lit - tle feet go pit - ter - pat, Pit - ter - pit - ter - pat.  
lit - tle feet go pit - ter - pat, Pit - ter - pit - ter - pat.

## September

Abbie Farwell Brown

(T. M. II, p. 132)

C. Despourins

Fare-well, time of lei-sure, Fare-well, Au-gust days!

Come now, oth-er pleas-ure, Come now, au-tumn plays!

Fare-well, hap-py sum-mer We re - mem - ber!

Wel-come, dear new-com-er, Crisp Sep - tem - ber!

## The Poplar Tree

Annie N. Bourne

Chr. Schunder

I call the pop - lar "Twin - kle - tree," Be -

cause it shakes its leaves at me.

# The Little Leaves Dance

Wilhelmina Seegmiller

W. Otto Miessner  
Composed for this Series

1. The lit - tle leaves dance as they whirl a - bout,  
 2. The Northwind comes puff - ing with laugh and shout,

Whirl a - bout, whirl a - bout. The lit - tle leaves  
 Laugh and shout, laugh and shout. The Northwind comes

dance as they whirl a - bout, Whirl a - bout all day.  
 puff - ing with laugh and shout; Whisks them all a - way.

# The Stars

George Jay Smith

(T. M. II, p. 133)

Benedict Widmann

Dark - ness falls, the evening sky grows dim - mer,

Then the stars in gol-den splen-dor glim - mer,

Like sweet an - gel fac-es, beam and shim - - mer.

## Lullaby

From *Pinafore Palace*

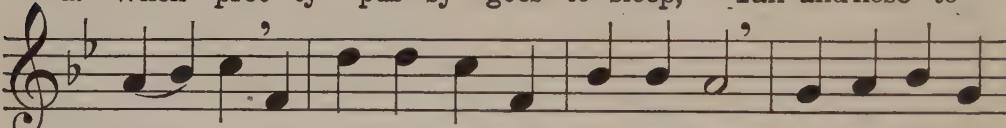
(T. M. II, p. 134)

Bruno Huhn

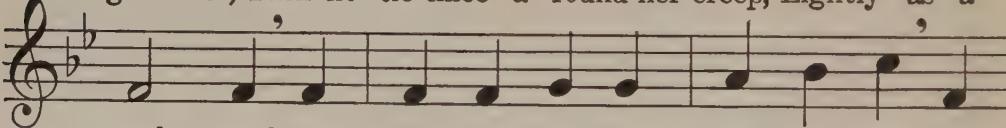
Composed for this Series



1. When lit - tle Bird - ie bye - bye goes, Still as mice in  
 2. When pret - ty pus - sy goes to sleep, Tail and nose to -



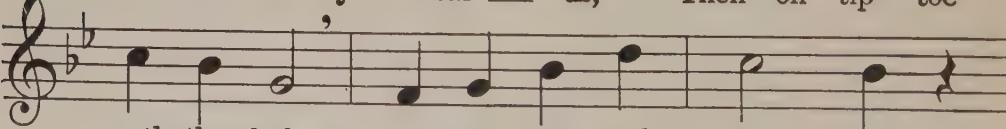
church - es, He hides his head where no one knows, On one leg he  
 geth - er, Then lit - tle mice a - round her creep, Lightly as a



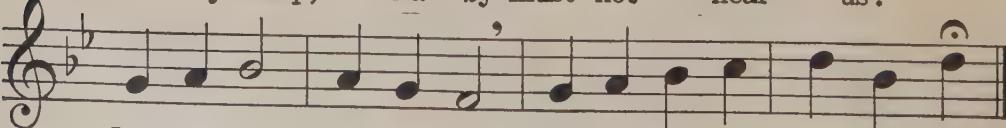
perch - es. When lit - tle Ba - by bye - bye goes, On  
 feath - er. When lit - tle Ba - by goes to sleep, And



moth - er's arm re - pos - ing, Soon he lies be -  
 he is ve - ry near us, Then on tip - toe



neath the clothes, In the cra - dle doz - ing.  
 sof - tly creep; Ba - by must not hear us.



Lul - la - by! lul - la - by! Lul - la, lul - la, lul - la - by!

# Riches

(T. M. II, p. 185)

Clinton Scollard

Horatio Parker

Composed for this Series

3  
4

1. With sum-mer a - shimmer on vine and on tree, Come  
 2. When au-tumn is pain-ting the leaves on the tree, Come

ber - ries and cher - ries for rob - in and me.  
 wal-nuts and chest-nuts for squir - rel and me.

# The Fairy Galleon

Alice C. D. Riley

D. V. R. Bay

4  
4

1. Brown and gold, like some gal-leon old,  
 2. Fair - y craft, curv-ing fore and aft;

Ma - ple leaf, O set thy sail, Toss'd by ev - 'ry  
 Ligh- tly drift and sail a - way, Bear thy bright ad -

au - tumn gale, Drif-ting down the breez - es.  
 vent'rous fay Where - so - e'er he pleas - es.

## At Sunrise

Frederick H. Martens

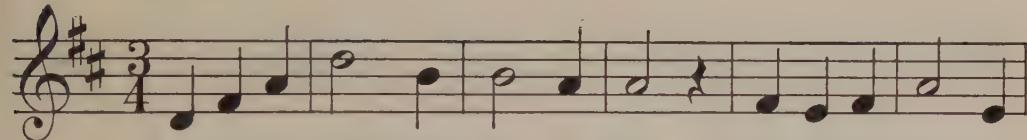
Franz Schubert

1. O moun-tains, we greet you; se-rene-ly you  
 2. Your fresh-ver-dant mea-dows with dew-spar-kle  
 3. The winds-of the morn-ing blow cool-on their  
 show, Your tall sum-mits guard-ing the val-ley be-bright; They seem like a gar-ment all ra-diant with way; A-ris-ing from slum-ber, with fer-vor we  
 low. The rose-of the dawn-ing blooms  
 light. The blue-skies a-bove you their  
 pray That fresh-as your breez-es and  
 o'er you on high, And far, far be-  
 soft col-or lend, And calm-ness sur-  
 pure as your snow Our love-for the  
 low you the dark shad-ows rounds you, whose peace shall not home-land for-ev-er may lie. end. glow.

# To My Country

Seymour Barnard  
From the French

French Folk Song



Vast as thy plains from sea to sea, Fair as thy fruits and

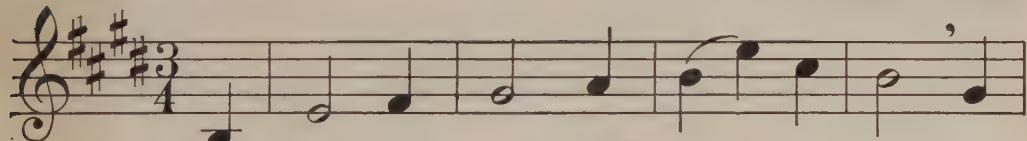


sea-sons be, So is my love, dear land, for thee!

# Bed in Summer

Robert Louis Stevenson

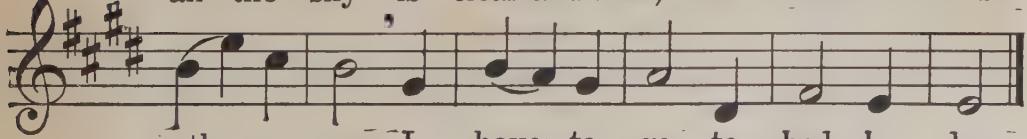
English Folk Song



1. In win-ter I get up — at night And  
2. I have to go to bed — and see The  
3. And does it not seem hard — to you, When



dress by yel-low can-dle-light. In sum-mer, quite the  
birds still hop-ping on the tree, Or hear the grown-up  
all the sky is clear and blue, And I should like so



oth - er way, I have to go to bed by day.  
peo-ple's feet Still go - ing past me in the street.  
much to play, To have to go to bed by day?

## Balloons

Louise Ayres Garnett

(T. M. II, p. 136)

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach  
Composed for this Series

1. Bal-loons can fly. I won-der why. They have-n't  
 2. Some like them red, while some, in - stead, Pre - fer them

*cresc.*

a - ny wings! — I'd like to know how far they'd a - ny  
 green or blue. — But I just find that

*f*

go kind If we should break their strings! —  
 Is good e - enough. Don't you? —

## October

Abbie Farwell Brown

H. G. Nägeli

Old Oc - to - ber, Brown and so - ber, Brings a - gain

Nuts and grain. Good old brown Oc - to - ber!

# A Strange Country

Elizabeth Lincoln Gould

(T. M. II, p. 137)

Marshall Bartholomew  
*Composed for this Series*

1. I love the place I live in, But on the map I've seen
2. I like our trees and bushes And grass the way they are;
3. If I should ev-er go there, Where ev'-ry-thing is pink,

An - oth - er lit - tle coun - try All pink, while ours is green.  
 Still, pink is al - ways pret - ty. I won - der if it's far.  
 I'd say, "Your country's love - ly, But green is best, I think."

# Approach of Winter

Alice E. Sollitt

From the Dutch

Fr. Sandberg

1. The wind is cold, the leaves are sear, And
2. O Mis - ter Win - ter, strong and cold, When

old Jack Frost will soon be here; He is Win-ter's  
 you ar - rive, so rough and bold, We shall slip and

broth - er, They are like each oth - er.  
 stum - ble, We shall trip and tum - ble.

# The Shell Song

Wilhelmina Seegmiller

(T. M. II, p. 138)

W. Otto Miessner  
Composed for this Series

When I lis - ten, lis - ten well, In a lit - tle  
 spiral shell, I can hear the dis-tant sea, — Singing o-cean  
 songs to me. — Hm — Hm — Hm — Hm —

# Little King Boggen

Mother Goose

Charles L. Minturn

Lit-tle King Boggen, he built a fine hall. Pie crust and  
 pas-try crust, that was the wall. The win-dows were made of black  
 puddings and white, And sla-tered with pancakes: You ne'er saw the like!

# In October

May Morgan

English Folk Song

1. Oc - to - ber is flaunting her gay - col - ored  
 2. The field mouse is stor - ing her grain for the

ban - ners Of scar - let and crimson, of orange and gold.  
 win - ter, Rich banquets pre - par - ing for days long and cold.

# Driver and Boatman

Maud W. Goodwin

Ernst Schmid

*Slowly*

1. What does the dri - ver? The dri - ver hitch - es  
 2. What does the boat - man? The boatman lies up -

*Quickly*

up the cart, The hors - es tug, the dri - ver sings So  
 on the bank And shouts: "I can't stay here all day. Who

loud that thro' the street it rings: "Ho, Hol - la, Hol - la, Ho!"  
 wants the fer - ry, come this way! Ho, Hol - la, Hol - la, Ho!"

# The Cloud

Abbie Farwell Brown

W. Otto Miessner  
*Composed for this Series*

The sky is full of star dust, It  
 will be bright-ter soon; An an - gel with a  
 lit - tle cloud Is dus - ting off the moon.

# The Last Leaf

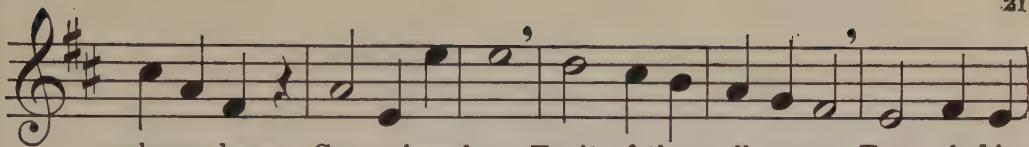
(T. M. II, p. 138)

Margaret Aliona Dole

Gaetano Donizetti

1. Sad au-tumn breezes sigh, "Gone are the warm green leaves,  
 2. One leaf left trembling there, High on the ma - ple tree,

Dead on the ground they lie, Na-ture now grieves. Glad was my  
 'Mid withered branches bare, Longs to be free. "Must I still



welcome here,  
linger here?"

Gay ev'rywhere; Fruit of the mellow year, Trees clad in  
Sad-ly he cries. "Winter is drawing near, All of my



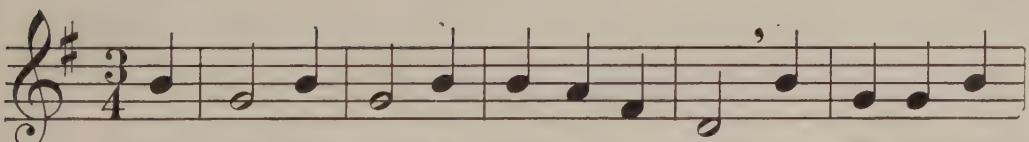
col - ors rare; Gone is the mag - ic spell, Sad my fare-well."  
friends have died. Down on the ground they lie, Lone-ly am I."

## Guessing Song

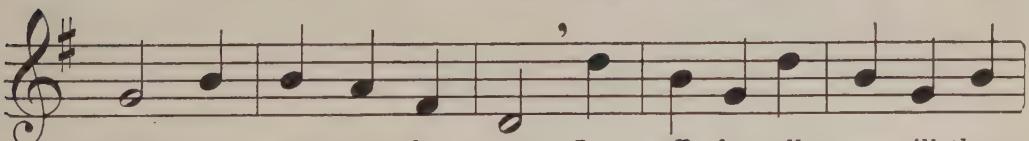
Henry Johnstone

(T. M. II, p. 140)

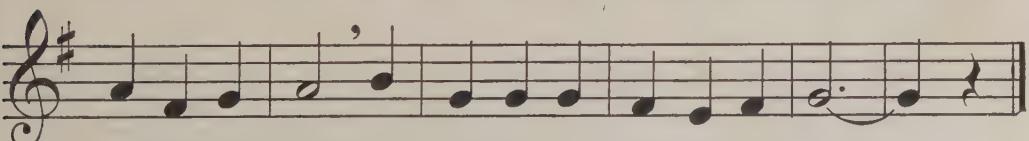
Krager



1. Oh ho! oh ho! Pray, who can I be? I sweep o'er the  
2. Oh ho! oh ho! I'm migh-ty and strong; A puff of my



land, I scour o'er the sea; I cuff the tall trees till they  
breath, the ships sail a - long. I'm known the world o - ver; now



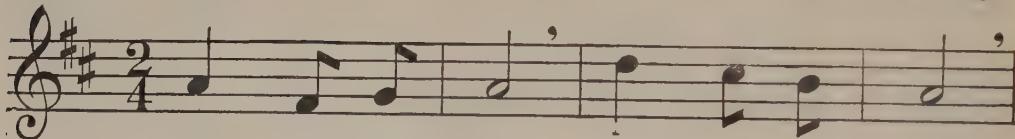
bow down their heads, And rock the wee birds in their beds. —  
who can I be That sail o'er the land and the sea? —

Chapter II: The Quarter-Note Beat; Eighth Notes

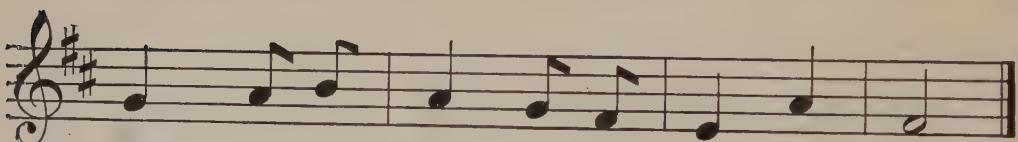
Dear Little Moon  
RHYTHM STUDY

Abbie Farwell Brown

George L. Wright



Dear lit - tle moon, High o - ver - head,



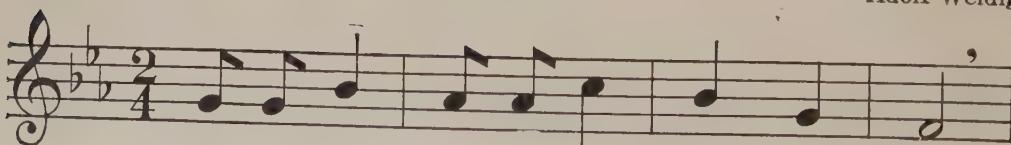
Shine gen - tly down On my small white bed.

Hide and Seek

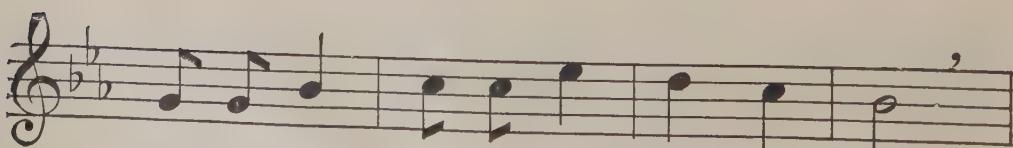
RHYTHM STUDY

Ann Underhill

Adolf Weidig



Moth - er dear, moth - er dear, Can't find me!



Lit - tle boy, lit - tle boy, Where is he?

Over here, over here, Come and see!

Very near, very near, Run to me!

## Pretty Little Goldfish

### RHYTHM STUDY

Sylvia Child

Fr. H. Maye

Pret-ty lit - tle gold - fish, Come and go,

Swim-ming in the sun - shine, To and fro,

To and fro, To and fro,

Swim-ming in the sun - shine, To and fro.

# New Day

Abbie Farwell Brown

(T. M. II, p. 141)

Folk Song

Bright light wakes me, Bright-ly, ligh - tly shakes me!

Gay day greets me, Gay - ly, dai - ly meets me!

Bids me lift my sleep-y head From my co - zy, do - zy bed.

# Poppies in the Wheat

Nellie Poorman

(T. M. II, p. 142)

Folk Song

1. Scarlet poppies are blow-ing, In the autumn air sweet;  
 2. Breezes soft set them dancing, Swaying all to and fro;

Fla-ming poppies glow warmly, Set-ting fire to the wheat.  
 Bend-ing low in deep curt'sies; Pretty manners they show.

# Merry Rain

(T. M. II, p. 142)

Marshall Bartholomew  
*Composed for this Series*

*mf*

1. Sprin - kle, sprin - kle, comes the rain, Tap - ping on the  
 2. Laugh - ing rain - drops, light and swift, Thro' the air they  
 win - dow - pane; Tric - kling, cours - ing, crowd - ing, forc - ing,  
 fall and sift; Danc - ing, trip - ping, bound - ing, skip - ping,  
 Ti - ny rills on the drip - ping win - dow sills.  
 Thro' the street with their thou - sand mer - ry feet.

# A Wake-up Song

Luella Curran

(T. M. II, p. 143)

Adolf Weidig  
*Composed for this Series*

“Wake up! wake up!” chirps the spar - row. “Don’t you  
 know it is to - mor - row?” “I see you!” pipes the  
 rob - in bright, “Sleep - ing in the morn - ing light!”

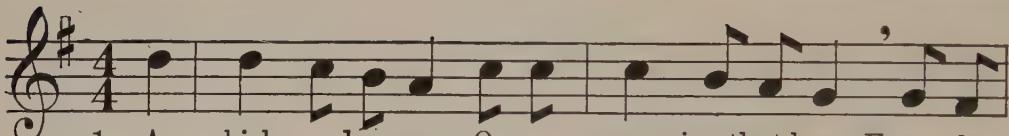
# Chickadee Talk

George Reiter Brill

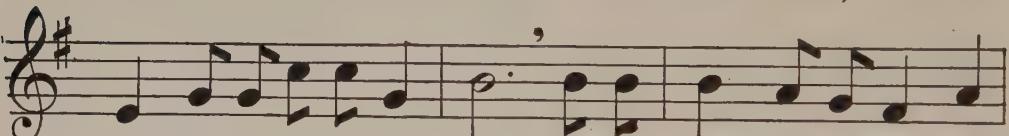
(T. M. II, p. 143)

Peter Christian Lutkin

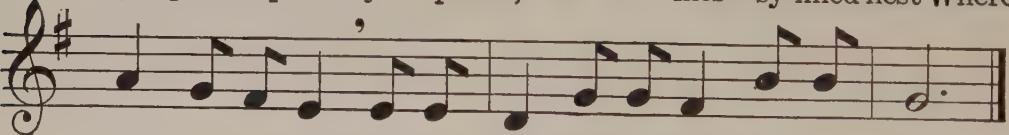
Composed for this Series



1. A chick-a-deeswung On a grapevine that hung From the  
 2. What - ev - er this meant, Yet the mes - sage he sent Seem'd to  
 3. Then both of them flew, For a me - ter or two, In a



limb of a button-ball tree. To his mate in the crest He  
 be quite important, for she, With a toss of her head, Look'd  
 style quite as pert as you please, To a mos - sy-lined nest Where



made this re-request: "Chicka - dee, chick-a-dee, chick - a - dee."  
 down and then said: "Chicka - dee, chick-a-dee, chick - a - dee."  
 joy was expressed By their five ba - by - bye chick - a - dees.

# Shawl Weaver's Song

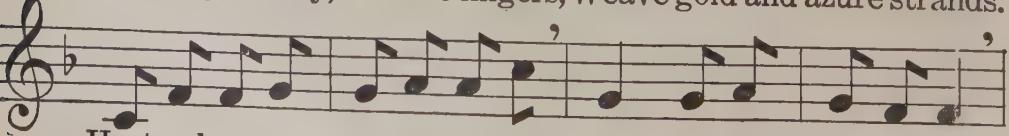
Seymour Barnard

(T. M. II, p. 144)

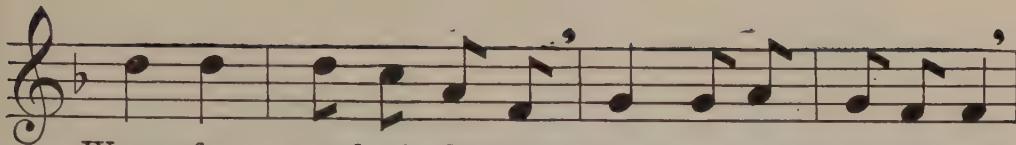
Cashmere Folk Song



Def-tly, def-tly, nimble fingers, Weave gold and azure strands.



Hasten, has-ten, he who lingers, Fly, firm and fac-ile hands.



Weave for mother's shoulder Shawls gay with glint of gold;



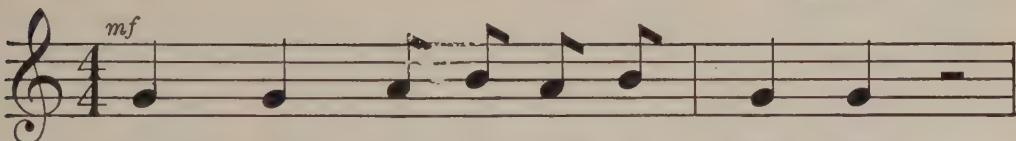
For her when bent and old-er, Warm wool a-against the cold.

## Bringing in the Hay

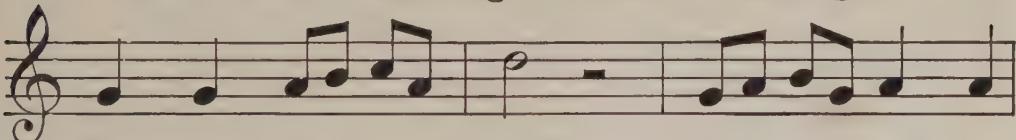
George Reiter Brill

(T. M. II, p. 145)

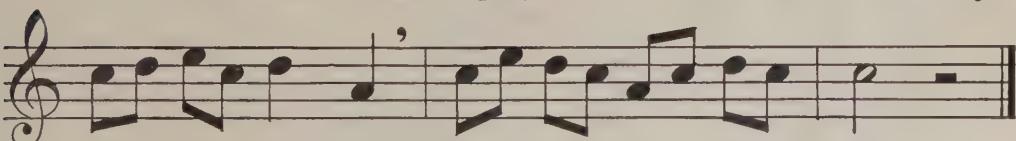
Granville Bantock  
*Composed for this Series*



1. Hear the mer - ry laugh of chil - dren,  
2. Good smells com - ing from the kitch - en,  
3. Pitch - forks stick - ing in the shin - gle,



Hear the hors - es — neigh! It — is — such a  
Chim - ney smok-ing — hard; Cat - tle — moo - ing  
Don't look much like — play; Ev - 'ry - - bo - dy



jol - ly bus - 'ness Bring - ing in — the hay.  
in the sta - ble, Men a - round the yard.  
up since day - light, Bring - ing in — the hay.

# The Farmyard

Old English Song

English Folk Song

1. Up was I on my father's farm On a May-day morning  
 2. Up was I on my father's farm On a May-day morning

ear - ly, Feeding of my father's cows, On a May-day morning  
 ear - ly, Feeding of my father's goats,\* On a May-day morning

ear - ly. With a moo, moo here, and a moo, moo there,  
 ear - ly. With a nan, nan here, and a nan, nan there,

Here a moo, there a moo, here a pretty moo. Six pretty maids come and  
 Here a nan, there a nan, here a pretty nan. Six pretty maids come and

gang along o' me, To the merry green fields and the farm-yard.  
 gang along o' me, To the merry green fields and the farm-yard.

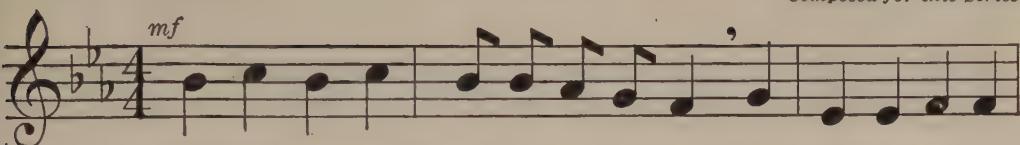
\* This song may be continued indefinitely by enumerating different animals and their characteristic cries.

# The Bee and the Butterfly

Margaret Etinge

(T. M. II, p. 148)

Marshall Bartholomew

*Composed for this Series*

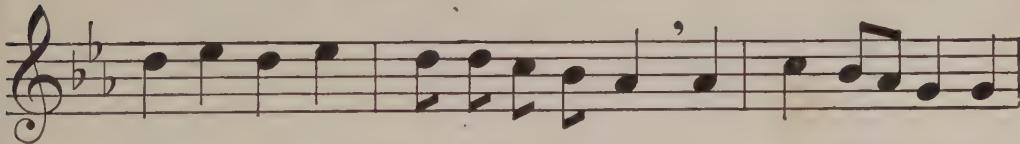
“Dear me! dear me!” Said a bu-sy bee, “I’m always making



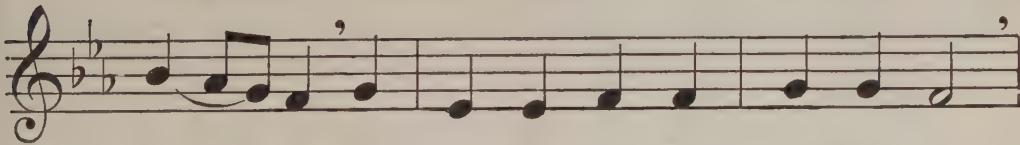
hon - ey; No time to play, But work all day.



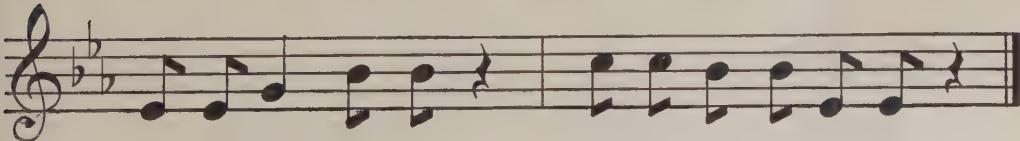
Is - n’t it fun-ny, Ve - ry, ve - ry fun-ny?”



“Oh, my! oh, my!” Said a butter-fly, “I’m al - ways eat-ing



hon - ey; And yet I play The live-long day.



Is - n’t it fun-ny, Ve - ry, ve - ry fun-ny?”

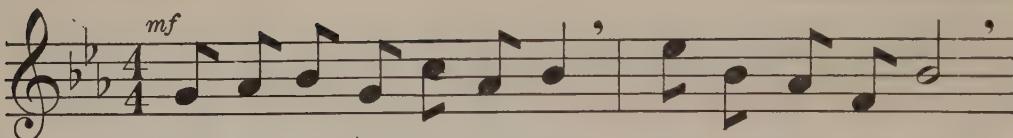
## The Invitation

Arthur Macy

(T. M. II, p. 146)

Charles Villiers Stanford

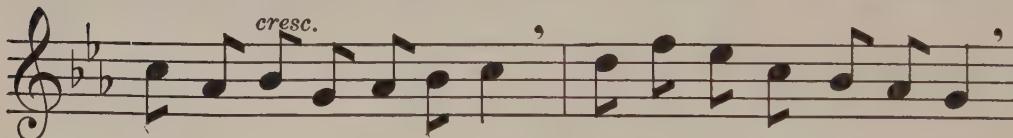
Composed for this Series



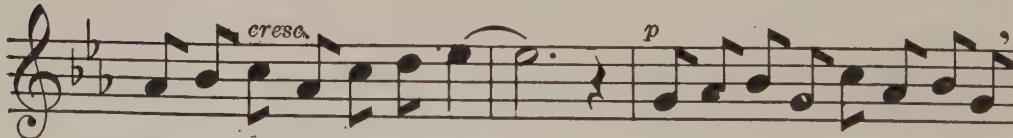
1. Mis - ter Hum - ble Bum - ble Bee, Buzz - ing in the sun,
2. Mis - ter Hum - ble Bum - ble Bee, You shall not re - fuse;
3. Mis - ter Hum - ble Bum - ble Bee, Would that I could guess



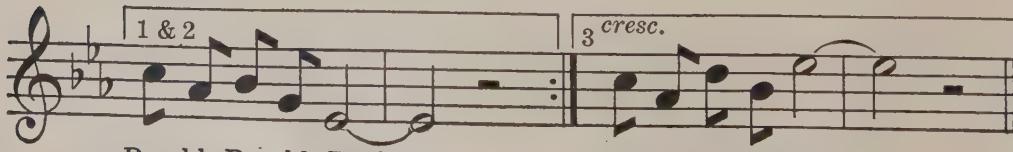
Will you come and vis - it me When your work is done?  
 You may come and ask of me A - ny - thing you choose.  
 What re - ply you'll send to me, Wheth - er no or yes.



Com-ing up from Clo-ver-dale, With your lit - tle hon - ey pail,  
 Com-ing up from Clo-ver-dale, With your lit - tle hon - ey pail,  
 Com-ing up from Clo-ver-dale, With your lit - tle hon - ey pail,



Will you stop and take some tea, — Sweetest dainties you shall see, — } Will you stop and take some tea, — } Mister Humble Bumble Bumble



Bumble Bumble Bee? —

Bumble Bumble Bee? —

# Old English Nursery Rhyme

Old Rhyme

(T. M. II, p. 149)

Fanny Snow Knowlton  
*Composed for this Series*



1. Once there lived a lit - tle man, Where a lit - tle riv - er ran,
2. Once his lit - tle maid-en, Ann, With her pret-ty lit - tle can,
3. Lit - tle maid cried out in vain, While the milk ran o'er the plain;
4. Then to make the sto - ry short, Lit - tle spo - ny with a snort



And he had a lit - tle farm and lit - tle dai - ry, O!  
 Went a - milk - ing when the morning sun was beam - ing, O!  
 Lit - tle pig went grunting af - ter it so gay - ly, O!  
 Lif - ted up his lit - tle heels so ve - ry clev - er, O!



And he had a lit - tle plough, And a lit - tle dap - ple cow,  
 But she fell, I know not how, And she stumbled o'er the plough,  
 While the lit - tle dog be - hind For a share was much inclined,  
 And the man he tumbled down, And he near-ly cracked his crown,



Which he of - ten called his pret - ty lit - tle fair - y, O!  
 And the cow was quite as - ton - ished at her scream - ing, O!  
 So he pulled back squealing pig - gy by the tail - y, O!  
 And this on - ly made the mat - ter worse than ev - er, O!

# Redbreast in the Cherry Tree

Wilhelmina Seegmiller

(T. M. II, p. 150)

W. Otto Miessner  
Composed for this Series

Red-breast, in the cher-ry tree, Robin red, it  
 seems to me That you love the cher-ries so You  
 eat all a tree can grow. You love cherries, So do I; Please  
 leave some, please leave some, Please leave some for cher-ry pie!

# Christmas Bells

## TWO-PART ROUND

Ring, ting! the joy - bells are ring - ing, Glad  
 children are sing- ing, For Christmas is here!

# The Water Baby's Lullaby

Alice C. D. Riley

(T. M. II, p. 151)

Jessie L. Gaynor  
Composed for this Series

1. When the Sandman comes with sweet dreams in his sack, A -  
2. Dreams of deep-sea caves where the waves sof - tly splash, A -

lul - la - by - lu for a dream, O! What treasures he takes one by  
lul - la - by - lu for a dream, O! Where sil - ver and gold fish go

one from his pack, A - lul - la - by - lu for a dream, O! There are  
by like a flash, A - lul - la - by - lu for a dream, O! There are

dreams of the for - est and dreams of the sea, A -  
grot - toes of pearl all a - glim - mer and glow, A -

lul - la - by - lu for a dream, O! Where sea urchins wait to go  
lul - la - by - lu for a dream, O! And mermaids to sing thee a

play - ing with thee, A - lul - la - by - lu for a dream, O!  
lul - la - by low, A - lul - la - by - lu for a dream, O!

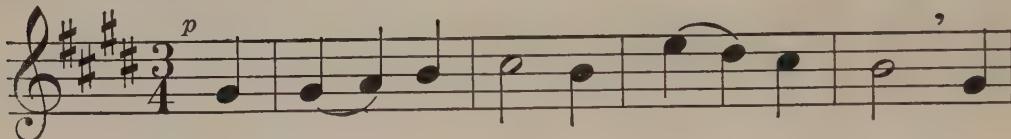
Chapter III: Sharp Chromatics; Diatonic Half-Step Progressions

A New Year's Resolution

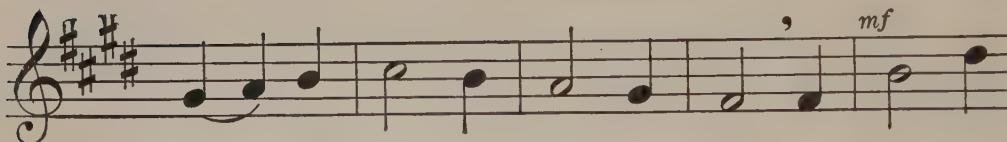
Nellie Poorman

(T. M. II, p. 152)

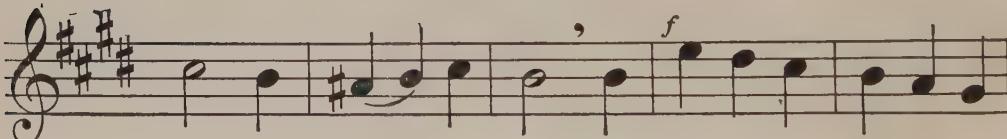
Eb. Kuhn



1. Last night the old year stole a - way, We  
 2. Be this our sim - ple dai - ly creed: Each  
 3. We'll make each day that hur - ries past A



have - a clean New Year to - day; And may it  
 day - to help some one in need; Each day to  
 lit - tle bet - ter than the last; We'll try to



bring us right good cheer. We welcome thy coming, O  
 make some life less drear. We welcome thy coming, O  
 bring our heav'n more near. We welcome thy coming, O



glad New Year! We welcome thy coming, O glad New Year!

# O Wind that Blows

Alice C. D. Riley

(T. M. II, p. 153)

Catharina van Rennes

1. O wind that blows, blows a - cross the snows, And  
 2. O wind that cries 'neath the win - t'ry skies, O

sends the crys - tals — drift - ing! You whirl and you twirl, you  
 woe - ful wind a - weep - ing! You sob and you sigh, you

swish and you swirl, The snow thro' the crannies sif - ting. Then  
 moan and you cry, All night while the world is sleep - ing. Then

blow, then blow! Then blow, for the snow's a - drift-ing!  
 blow, then blow! O wind in the chimney weep-ing!

## Coasting

TWO-PART ROUND

Anna G. Whitmore

J. J. Schaublin

Mer-ri-ly ho! Coasting we go! Hurrying, scurrying, over the snow!

# Dear Harp of My Country

Thomas Moore

(T. M. II, p. 154)

Welsh Folk Song

1. Dear Harp of my Coun - try, in dark - ness I —  
 2. Dear Harp of my Coun - try, fare - well to— thy —

found thee; The cold chain of si - lence had hung o'er thee  
 numbers; This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall

long, When proud-ly, my own Is-land Harp, I un -  
 twine. Go, sleep with the sun-shine of fame on thy

bound thee, And gave all thy chords to light, free-dom, and  
 slum-bers, Till touched by some hand less un - wor - thy than

song! The — warm lay of love and the light note of  
 mine. If the pulse of the pa - tri - ot, sol - dier, or

glad-ness Have wak - en'd thy fond-est, thy live - li - est  
 lov - er Haveth robb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glo - ry a -



thrill; But so oft hast thou ech-oed the deep sigh of  
lone; It was but as the wind passing heed-less-ly



sad-ness, That e'en in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.  
o - ver, And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own.

## A Valentine for Grandma

From *The Youth's Companion*

(T. M. II, p. 155)

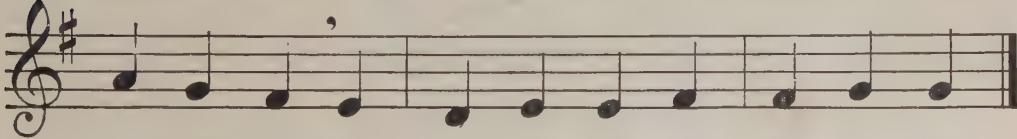
Mrs. Crosby Adams  
*Composed for this Series*



1. I've wa - tered it and watched it grow; I've  
2. And now, with blos - soms blue and fair, It



whispered, ev - er soft and low, "O pre-cious lit - tle  
goes to stand by grandma's chair. O fra-grant lit - tle



plant of mine, Be rea - dy for my val - en - tine."  
flower of mine, Bloom swee - tly for my val - en - tine.

## In the Garden

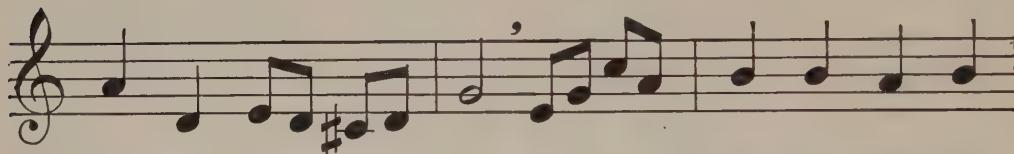
May Gillington

(T. M. II, p. 156)

Annie E. Armstrong



1. Blos - soms blue and white and red, In the  
 2. Leaf - lets soft and smooth and green, On the  
 3. Gras - ses red and green and brown, In the



gar - den dance all day; Nod and bend each dain - ty  
 branches dance all day, Up-wards spring or side-ways  
 mea-dows dance all day, Quiv - er gen - tly up and



head, Swing and sway, Swing and sway. Each one  
 lean, Swing and sway, Swing and sway. Each one  
 down, Swing and sway, Swing and sway. All one



wears a crown of dew, Whose bright rays are danc - ing  
 dips and curtseys low, Like the folk of long a -  
 way like waves they run, Ris - ing, fall - ing in the

*cresc.*

too; Let me learn to dance like  
go; Let me learn to dance just  
sun; Let me dance as you have

you, Dear blos-soms in the gar den!  
so, Dear leaf - lets on the bran ches!  
done, Dear gras - ses in the mea dow!

## The Swing Song

Sidney Heath

(T. M. II, p. 157)

Horatio Parker  
*Composed for this Series*

1. Swing, swing, up to the sky; Green leaves all go  
2. Swing, swing, o-ver the grass, Pluck - ing ap - ples

quick - ly by. Swing, swing, down to the ground;  
as they pass. Swing, swing, hear - ing the song

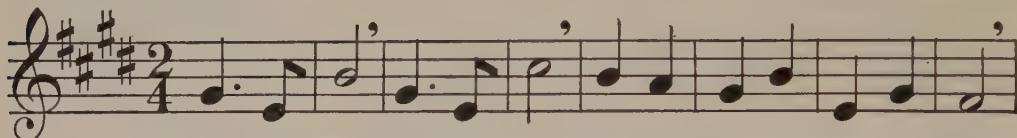
Noth - ing so jol - ly could ev - er be found.  
Sung by the dick - y birds fly - ing a - long.

## Chapter IV: The Quarter-Note Beat; Dotted-Quarter and Eighth Notes

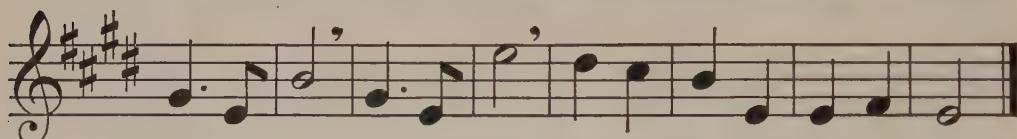
### Far Away RHYTHM STUDY

Abbie Farwell Brown

George L. Wright



Far a - way, far a - way, See the whitecaps dot the bay.



Roll a - long, roll a - long; Hear the breaker's mournful song.

### Spring's Coming

George Jay Smith

Adolf Wendt



1. Long ere the sleep - y rills Trickle from snow - y hills,
2. Blos-soms no vi - o - let, Gray is the wood-land yet;
3. By the warm sun caressed, Hope fills his hap - py breast,



Hear the glad birds re-joice; Hap - py each voice!  
Why should the lit - tle bird Joy - ful be heard?  
Stir - ring his heart to sing Wel-come to spring.

# All Through the Night

Old Welsh Song

(T. M. II, p. 158)

David Owen

1. Sleep, my child, and peace at-tend thee, All thro' the  
 2. While the moon her watch is keep-ing, All thro' the  
 3. Hark, a sol-emn bell is ring-ing, Clear thro' the

night. Guar-dian an-gels God will send thee,  
 night; While the wea-ry world is sleep-ing,  
 night. Thou, my love, art heav'n-ward wing-ing,

All thro' the night. Soft the drow-sy  
 All thro' the night; O'er thy spir-it  
 Home thro' the night. Earth-ly dust from

hours are creep-ing, Hill and vale in slum-ber steeping;  
 gen-tly steal-ing, Vi-sions of de-light re-veal-ing,  
 off thee shak-en, By good an-gels art thou tak-en;

I my lov-ing vig-il keep-ing, All thro' the night.  
 Breathes a pure and ho-ly feel-ing, All thro' the night.  
 Soul im-mor-tal shalt thou wak-en, Home thro' the night.

## Happy Pilgrim

Abbie Farwell Brown

(T. M. II, p. 159)

W. A. Mozart

1. Let Truth and Hon - or be your guide Through  
 2. Your bur - den then will seem so light, Your

all your length of days; And move no fin - ger's  
 shoul-ders strong and free; And cheered by sun-shine

breadth a - side From God's most ho - ly ways.  
 warm and bright Your path thro' life shall be.

## The Snow

From *The Youth's Companion*

(T. M. II, p. 160)

G. A. Grant-Schaefer

*Composed for this Series*

1. From the clouds the flakes of snow Wan - der to the  
 2. Now the wind be - gins to blow, Swif - ter, swif - ter

world be - low, Fall - ing ligh - tly, Sof - tly, white - ly,  
 comes the snow, Fall - ing thick - ly, Rush-ing quick - ly,

To the ground; Fall-ing ligh-tly, Sof-tly, Rush-ing  
 To the ground; Fall-ing thick-ly, Rush-ing  
 white-ly, Heap-ing drifts with-out a sound.  
 quick-ly, Heap-ing drifts with-out a sound.

## The Apples

Lee Burns

(T. M. II, p. 161)

Horatio Parker  
*Composed for this Series*

1. "What hue shall my ap-ples be?" Asked the lit-tle  
 2. But the crim-son ro-ses said, "We should like to  
 3. When the ap-ples all were ripe, Ma-ny wore a

ap-ple tree. "That is eas-y to de-cide;  
 have them red." While the dan-de-lions con-fessed  
 yel-low stripe. Some were red and some were seen

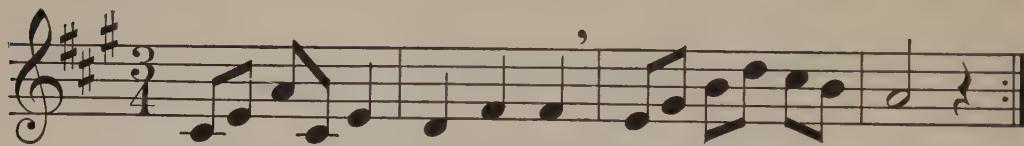
Have them green," the gras-ses cried.  
 Yel-low seemed to them the best.  
 Dressed in coats of sof-test green.

## The Homesick Lowlander

Ethel B. Howard

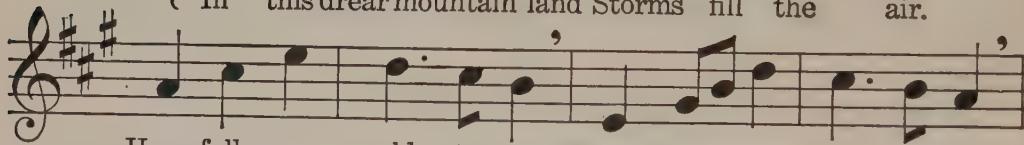
(T. M. II, p. 162)

Tyrolese Folk Song

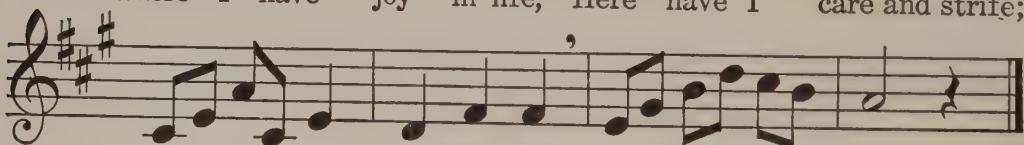


1. { Hap - py the val - ley land, There my heart flies!  
Here in the mountain land Tears dim my eyes.

2. { In my dear val - ley land All days are fair;  
In this drear mountain land Storms fill the air.



Here folks are cold to me, There friends love loy - al - ly;  
There I have joy in life, Here have I care and strife;

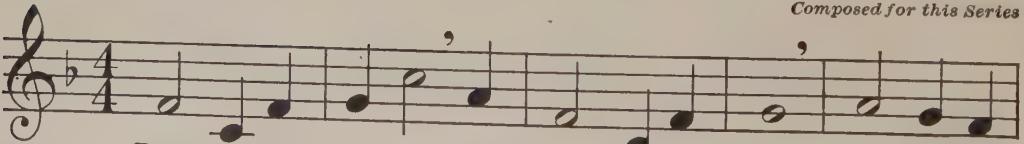


Down in the val - ley land No friend-ship dies.  
Home in my val - ley land, Would I — were there!

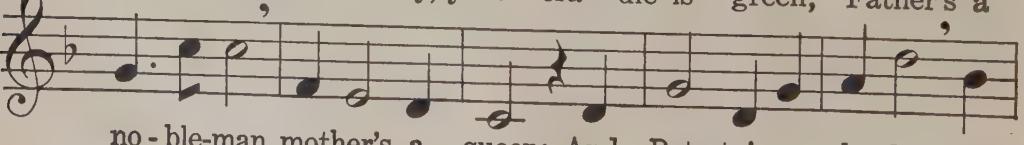
## Rock-a-bye Baby

Mother Goose

(T. M. II, p. 163)

Arthur Whiting  
*Composed for this Series*

Rock - a - bye, ba - by, your cra - dle is green; Father's a



no - ble-man, mother's a queen; And Bet - ty's a la - dy, and

wears a gold ring; And Johnny's a drummer and drums for the  
 King. Johnny's a drummer and drums for the King;  
 Johnny's a drummer and drums for the King.

## There Was a Maid Went to the Mill

Old English Song

English Folk Song

1. There was a maid went to the mill, Sing trol - ly, lol - ly,  
 2. The maid was shy, the mil - ler bold, Sing trol - ly, lol - ly,  
 lol - ly, lol - ly, lo! The mill turned round, but the  
 lol - ly, lol - ly, lo! The mill looked on but it  
 maid stood still, Oh, oh, oh! Oh, oh, oh! Oh, oh, oh! did she so?  
 nev - er told, Oh, oh, oh! Oh, oh, oh! Oh, oh, oh! was it so?

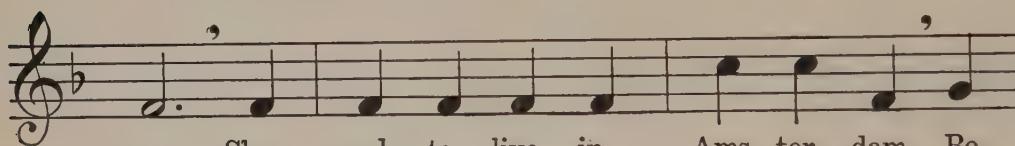
## Katrina

Stella George Stern

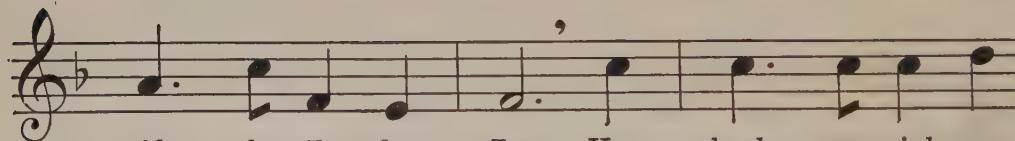
(T. M. II, p. 164)

William E. Haesche  
Composed for this Series

1. Ka - tri - na came to our - school, She sat right next to  
 2. She al - ways comes to school on time; Her desk is just as



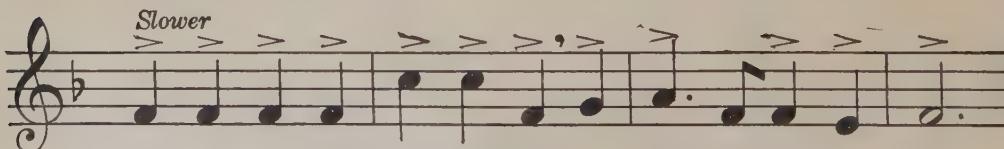
me. She used to live in Ams - ter - dam, Be -  
 neat! I'm sure I'm twice as care - ful, Since Ka -



side the Zuy - der Zee. Her cheeks were pink as  
 tri - na shares my seat. It makes me have some



cher - ry blooms, Her lips ten times as red; — But  
 new, new thoughts, Some kind-lier thoughts, to know — That,



none of us could un-der-stand A word Ka - tri - na said.  
 though I can - not speak to her, I love Ka - tri - na so.

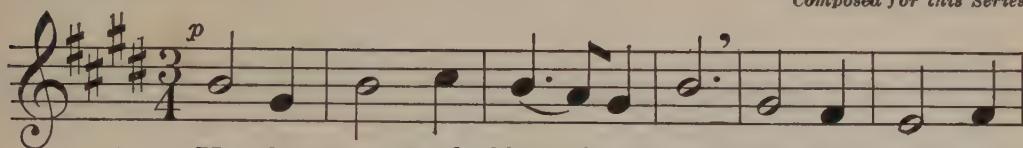
# The Dream Peddler

Lucy M. Blinn

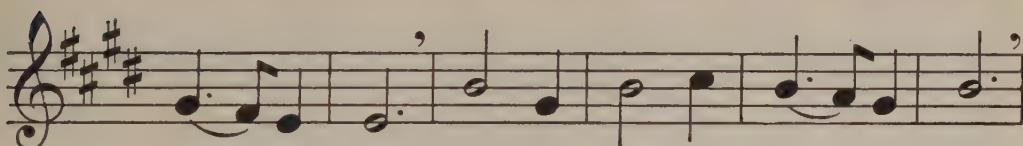
(T. M. II, p. 165)

Marshall Bartholomew

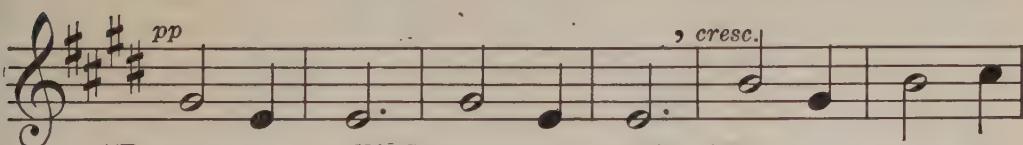
Composed for this Series



1. Up the streets of Slum - ber - town Comes the cri - er
2. "Here are dreams of mer - ry spring Fashioned where the
3. "Here are dreams for sum - mer sleep; Fan - cies light as
4. On the streets of Slum - ber - town Ev - er sounds a



with his bell, Call - ing sof - tly up \_ and down,  
 blos - soms wake; Where the fields and mea - dows ring  
 this - tle spray, Wov - en where the fair - ies keep  
 sil - ver bell, As the cri - er wan - ders down,



"Dreams to sell! Dreams to sell! Will the chil - dren  
 With the songs Breez - es make. Ah, no ped - dler  
 Sum - mer - time Hol - i - day. Fair - y dreams, oh  
 Soft his call, "Dreams to sell! Sleep - y chil - dren,



choose to buy? Such a world of them have I!  
 far or nigh Sells such mer - ry dreams as I!  
 buy and try! Who has daintier dreams than I?"  
 come and buy! Who has swee - ter dreams than I?"

## Our Father's Home

Alice C. D. Riley  
*From the Dutch*

(T. M. II, p. 166)

Catharina van Rennes

*p*

1. One tender Fa - ther leads us, Loves His chil - dren  
 2. One tender Fa - ther loves us, Makes us broth - ers

all; Bends down His ear and heeds us, Hears our ev - 'ry  
 here, While bend His skies a - bove us, Love may ban-ish

*p*

call. Though I sail the bound - ing sea,  
 fear. Hail! my broth - ers, clasp my hand,

*f*

Though a - far I \_\_\_. Lone - ly of heart I  
 Where-so - e'er we \_\_\_. Strange tho' the tongue or

*p*

ne'er shall be, \_\_\_. 'Tis my — Father's home.  
 far the land, \_\_\_. 'Tis our — Father's home.

# The Rain

Alice V. L. Carrick

(T. M. II, p. 167)

Max Bruch

Composed for this Series

1. "It's rain-ing! It's rain-ing!" The happy hill-tops cry. "Oh,  
 2. "We're waiting! We're waiting!" Say all the lit-tle flow'rs. "Come  
 wel-come! Oh, wel-come!" The tall green trees re-ply. And all the  
 kiss us! Come kiss us, Dear gen-tle fall-ing show'rs!" And all the  
 val-ley sings a-loud Its prais-es to the cool gray cloud.  
 thirs-ty land a-gain Gives greeting to the sil-ver rain!

# To Spring

CANON, ONE MEASURE

Margaret Aliona Dole

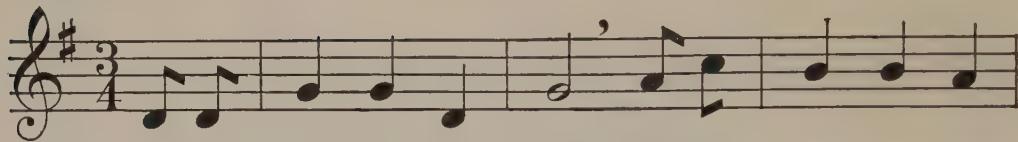
A snowdrop spoke, "When first I woke I donned my new green  
 dress and cap. Now cold winds blow; How could you treat me so?"

## Sweet Nightingale

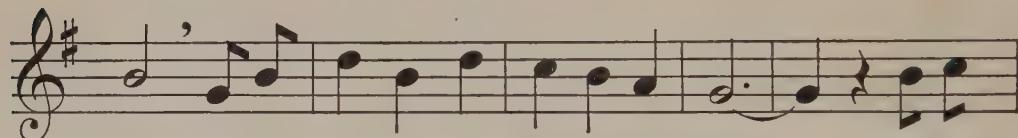
Old English Song

(T. M. II, p. 168)

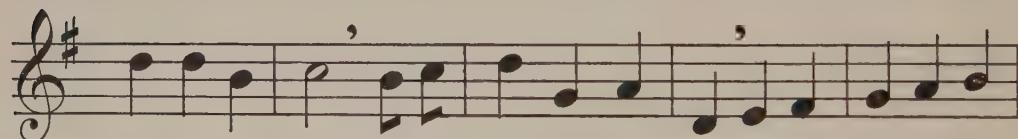
English Folk Song



1. Pret-ty maid, come a - long! Don't you hear the sweet  
 2. Pret-ty Bet - ty, don't fail, For I'll car - ry your



song, The sweet notes of the nightingale flow? \_\_\_\_\_ Don't you  
 pail Safe-ly home to your cot as we go. \_\_\_\_\_ You shall



hear the fond tale Of the sweet nightin - gale, As she sings in the  
 hear the fond tale Of the sweet nightin - gale, As she sings in the



val-ley be low? \_\_\_\_\_ As she  
 val-ley be low. \_\_\_\_\_ As she



sings in the val - ley be - low? \_\_\_\_\_  
 sings in the val - ley be - low. \_\_\_\_\_

# Praise to the Father

Anna G. Whitmore

(T. M. II, p. 169)

Ancient Dutch Folk Song

Slow.

We pray to our Father when night is descend-ing. When  
morn-ing is break-ing we sing to His praise. With  
wis-dom and love and kind-ness never end-ing, He  
guards us and pro-tects us and guides all our ways.

## The Little Owls

TWO-PART ROUND

Margaret Aliona Dole

I

Lit-tle owls look wise if you see their eyes at night,  
But they're wink-ing and blink-ing in the day-light!

II

# The Old Woman Tossed Up in a Blanket

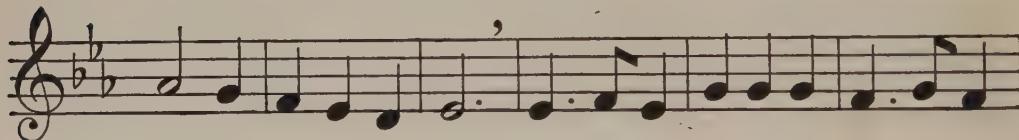
(T. M. II, p. 170)

Old English Song

English Folk Song



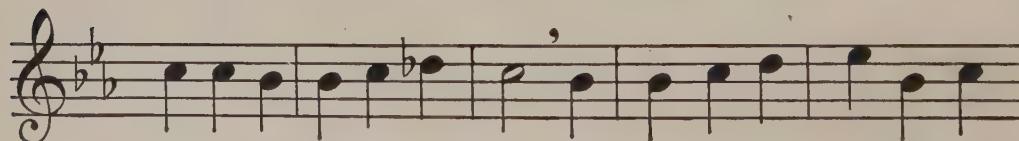
There was an old woman tossed up in a blan- ket Seventeen



times as high as the moon. Where she was going I could not but



ask it, For in her hand she carried a broom. "Old woman, old



woman, old woman," quoth I, "Oh whither, oh whither, oh



whither so high?" "To sweep the cob - webs from the

sky, — And I'll be with you by — and by."

## Small Stars

Alice E. Sollitt

From the Swedish

(T. M. II, p. 171)

Elsa Uppling

1. Twinkling stars are shi - ning clear, Ten - der, soft, and  
 2. Moth - er's stars are ba - by's eyes, Like the heav - en's

true. —  
 hue. —

Gen - tly sleep, my ba - by dear,  
 Now each eye - lid droop - ing lies

Close thine eyes of  
 Soft a - cross the

blue. —  
 blue. —

Gen - tly sleep, my  
 Now each eye - lid

ba - by dear, Close thine eyes of blue. —  
 droop - ing lies Soft a - cross the blue. —

# There's Nothing Like the Rose

Christina G. Rossetti

(T. M. II, p. 172)

Adolf Weidig

Composed for this Series

The lil - y has an air, And the snow-drop a grace, And the  
 sweet pea a way, And the hearts-ease a face. Yet there's  
 noth-ing like the rose When she blows. Yet there's  
 noth-ing like the rose When she blows.

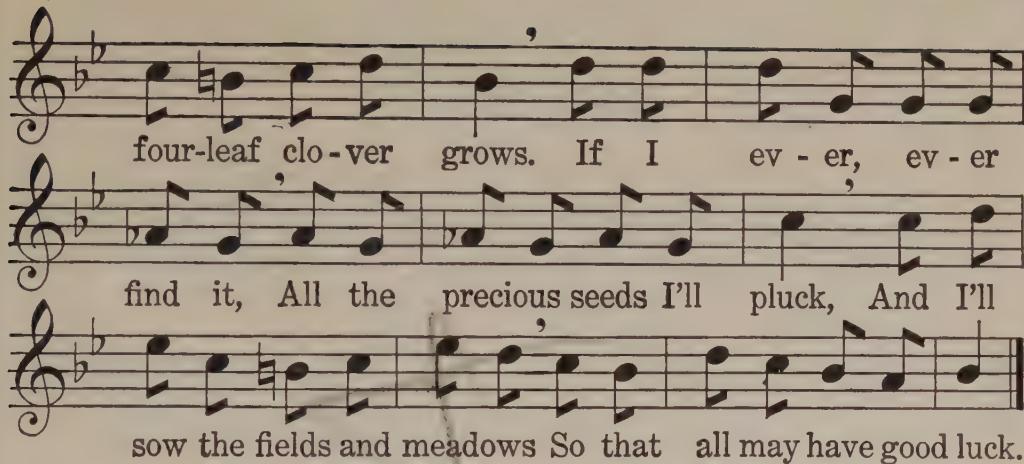
# The Four-Leaf Clover

Dora H. Stockman

(T. M. II, p. 173)

Gaetano Donizetti

I've been hunting in the meadow Where the crimson clover  
 blows, Just to see if I could find the place The



## The Way the Rain Behaves

From *Blossoms by the Way*

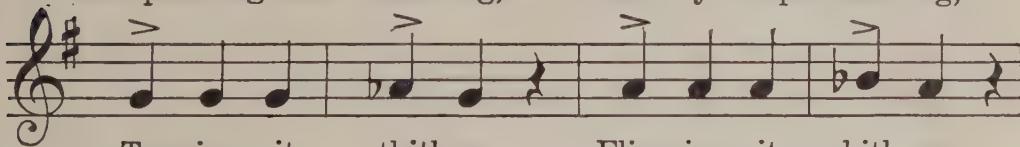
(T. M. II, p. 174)

Alfred G. Wathah

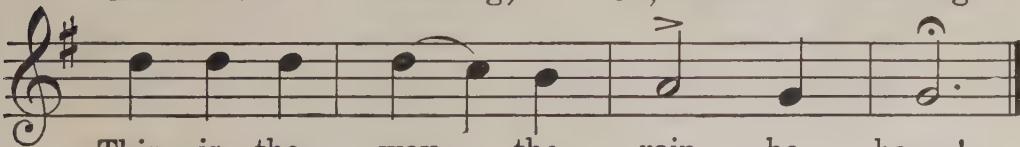
Composed for this Series



1. Beat-ing the clo-ver Un-der and o-ver;
2. Pel-ting the gar-den, Beg-ging no par-don,
3. Drub-bing and rub-bing, All the leaves scrub-bing;
4. Splashing and dash-ing, Mer-ry drops clash-ing,



Toss-ing it thith-er, Fling-ing it hith-er;  
 Though all the ro - ses Fall on their no - ses;  
 Then the trees shak-ing, Leav-ing them quak-ing;  
 Each oth - er hus-tling; Oh, what a bus-ting!



Chapter VI: Phrases Beginning on the Eighth-Note Before the Beat

Oh Hark! Oh Hear!

RHYTHM STUDY

Ann Underhill

Fr. H. Mayer

Oh hark! Oh hear! The ring-ing, swinging bell! So

loud, so clear! The ring - ing, swing - ing bell!

Before the Roses Come

Elsie Cobb

(T. M. II, p. 175)

French Folk Song

1. The world is bright with sunshine, With song the birds are gay; The
2. Oh, days with life o'er - flow-ing, When bees begin to hum, You

but-ter-cups are laugh - ing, To hear their rounde - lay; With  
fill the earth with beau - ty, Be - fore the ro - ses come; When

song the birds are gay; Oh hear their roun - - de - lay.  
bees be - gin to hum, Be - fore the ro - - ses come.

# Cock Robin

From *Cradle Songs*

(T. M. II, p. 176)

Marshall Bartholomew

*Composed for this Series*

The musical score consists of eight lines of a treble clef staff. The lyrics are integrated into the music, with each line of text corresponding to a line of music. The lyrics are as follows:

Lit-tle Rob-in Red-breast Sat up-on a tree;  
 He sang mer - ri - ly, Mer-ry as could be. He  
 nod-ded with his head, And his tail wag-gled he, As  
 lit-tle Robin Red-breast Sat up-on a tree. Tra, la, la, la,  
 la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly,  
 Mer-ry as could be; Tra, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la,  
 la, la, Lit-tle Robin Red-breast Sat up-on a tree.

## O Ship of Clouds

Alice E. Sollitt

Folk Song

1. O ship of clouds, that sails the skies, So far a -  
 2. O lit - tle child, so far be - low, I'm bringing

bove a lit - tle child! What wondrous car - go, what rich  
 car - go of rich gold, In daf - fo - dil, in sun - set

prize glow, Art bringing in sum - mer days of voy - age wild?  
 glow, In sum - mer days of joys un - told.

## May Day

Abbie Farwell Brown

(T. M. II, p. 177)

French Folk Song

1. Here come the chil - dren Danc - ing on the  
 2. A - round their May - pole Wind - ing to and

green, With pretty gar - lands Wov - en for their Queen!  
 fro, With hap - py laugh - ter Mer - ri - ly they go.

# The Ragman

Abbie Farwell Brown

(T. M. II, p. 177)

Folk Song

1. The ragman dres-ses all in rags, And while he creeps a -  
 2. The ragman's voice is ragged too, An ug - ly sound to  
 long A bag of rags he car-ries. "Ol' rag! Ol' rag!" He  
 hear! He sings a rag-ged Eng-lish, "Ol' rag! Ol' rag!" The  
 bawls a rag-ged song, — He bawls a rag-ged song.  
 words are ve - ry queer, — The words are ve - ry queer!

# Dancing Song

Nellie Poorman

Ernst Schmid

1. O whirl me, O twirl me, And pir-ou-ette so; All  
 2. O ligh - tly and brigh-tly, A-round gayly swing; A  
 fea - tly and flee - tly, We dance on tip - toe.  
 gay time is play-time, We dance as we — sing.

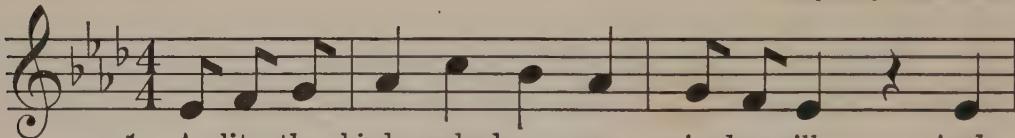
# What the Little Bird Said

Virginia Baker

(T. M. II, p. 178)

Paul Bliss

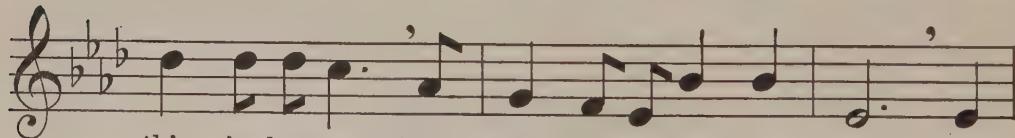
Composed for this Series



1. A lit - tle bird perched on my win-dow sill And  
 2. "Oh, tell me where would swing our pret - ty nests, And  
 3. "With-in the bark up - on the stur - dy trees We  
 4. "You lit - tle chil - dren, lit - tle boys and girls, Who



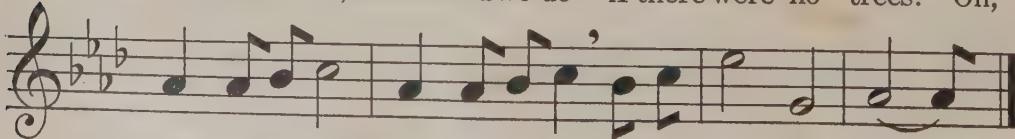
swayed and swung in the morning breeze, And this is the song,  
 where would cra - dle our ba - by brood, If nev - er a tree,  
 find the food that we like to eat, And shel-ter-ing leaves,  
 love the birds and would have them stay, Oh, plant ma-ny trees,



this is the song, The song that he sang to me. "Oh,  
 nev - er a tree, Through-out all the coun-try, stood. Oh,  
 shel-ter-ing leaves, Pro - tect from the sun's fierce heat. Oh,  
 plant ma-ny trees, On this sunny Ar - bor Day. For



what would we do, what would we do if there were no trees? Oh,



what would we do, what would we do if there were no trees?"

Chapter VII: Easy Melodies in Minor Keys

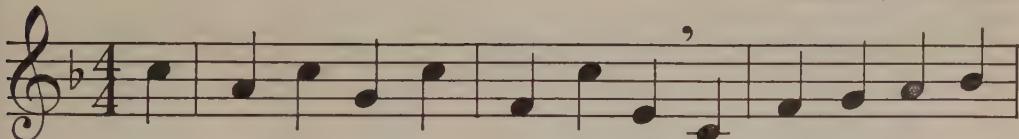
Sand Wells

Abbie Farwell Brown

(T. M. II, p. 179)

W. B. Olds

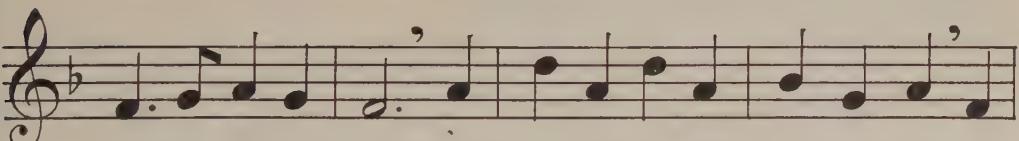
*Composed for this Series*



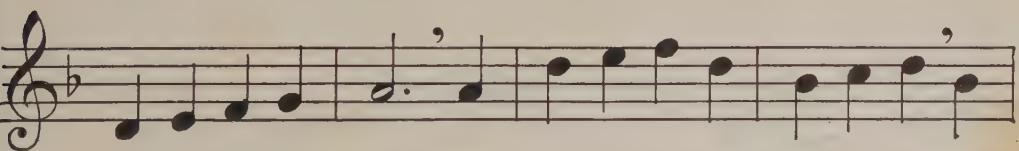
I made a picture in the sand, A great big gi-ant



face; I scooped the eyes out with my hand, In



quite the proper place. And then, well, well! What do you think? It



was a great sur-prise; The gi-ant face be - gan to wink, And



tears came in his solemn eyes, And tears came in his eyes.

## Be Careful

Abbie Farwell Brown  
From the French

(T. M. II, p. 180)

Félicien David

1. Gay La-dy Laugh-ter! Sweet is her voice. Ech-o-ing  
 2. Sweet Mistress Pleasure! Fair is her face; Joys without

af - ter Bids us re - joice. We must be care - ful!  
 meas - ure Serve her with grace. We must be wa - ry!

Lest we may find Laughter makes tearful, She is un - kind.  
 Though she is sweet, Gid-dy and merry, She is a cheat!

## The Rainbow Dress

Miriam Clark Potter

(T. M. II, p. 182)

Folk Song

1. Rain-bow, rain-bow, pret - ty rain-bow in the sky,  
 2. Children, children, lit - tle children, it is true,

Are you spun of sun - set col - ors, left to dry?  
 I am made of sun - set col - ors, cloud and dew.

Did the fair - y rain-drops wash you, hang you you there,  
Moth - er Sun will dry me well, for you can guess

Like a gown of gar-den flow - ers, high in air?  
I'm the lit - tle summer - eve-ning's best new dress!

## A Song of the Steppes

(T. M. II, p. 181)

Alice C. D. Riley

Russian Folk Song

1. On, my steed, with hoof beats of thun - der! On, my steed, o'er  
2. Shake, my lance, and long to be fly - ing! Neigh, my steed, thy

steppes wide with won - der! Hark! thy com - rades are  
com - rades are cry - ing! On! no foe - man shall

call - ing! Far their hoof beats are fall - ing.  
down thee! On! and vic - t'ry shall crown thee!

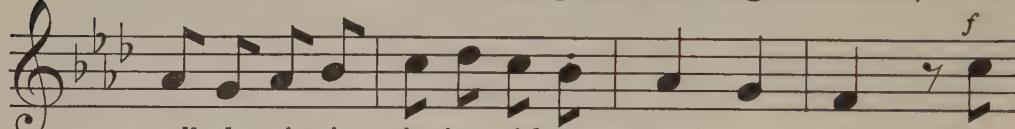
## A Spanish Dance

Florence Hoare

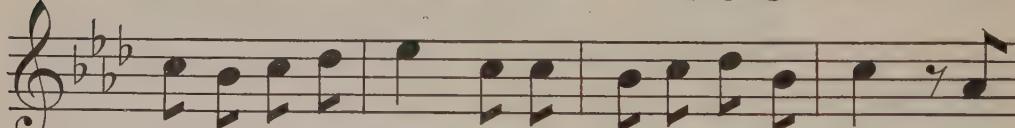
Basque Air



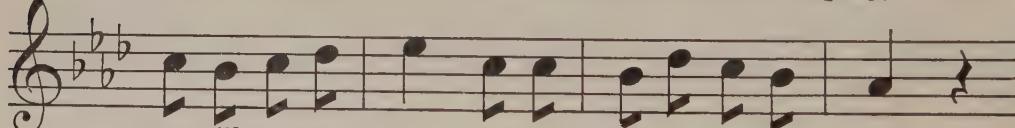
1. Come and tread a meas-ure O'er the green with me, While  
 2. Here the crim-son ro - ses Spread their fragrance sweet, And



all the air is ringing with sweet mel - o - dy. The  
 they shall be a car-pet for our trip - ping feet. We'll

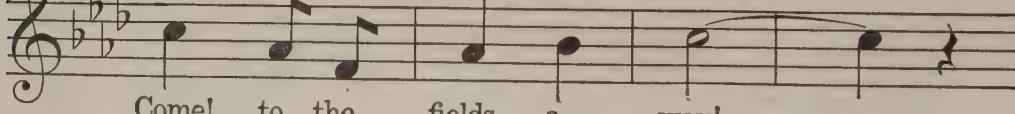


cas-ta-nets will clash, And the tambourines will play, And  
 twine the sil-ken scarf, And we'll weave the scented spray, Till

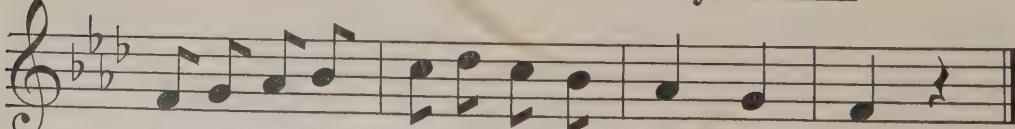


we will lead the dance with a Sal-ter - el - la gay.  
 all the scene is bright with the col-ors we dis - play.

cresc.



Come! to the fields a - way! \_\_\_\_\_  
 Come! to the fields a - way! \_\_\_\_\_



All the world is dancing on this hol - i - day.  
 All the world is dancing on this hol - i - day.

## PART TWO

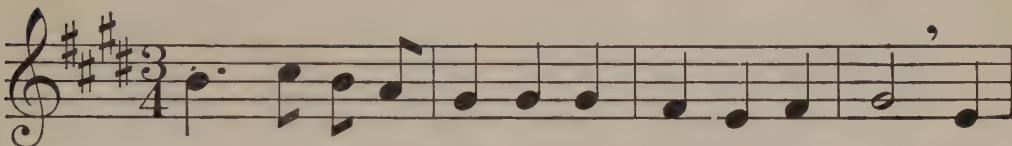
## Chapter VIII: Interval Studies

# Susie, Little Susie SECONDS

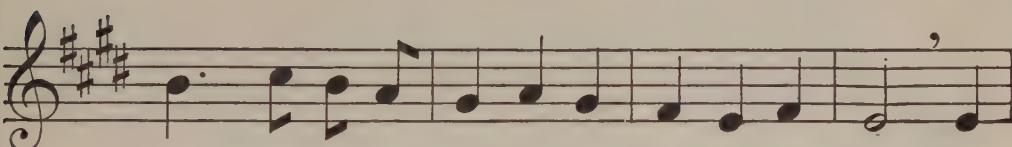
Ethel B. Howard

(T. M. II, p. 183)

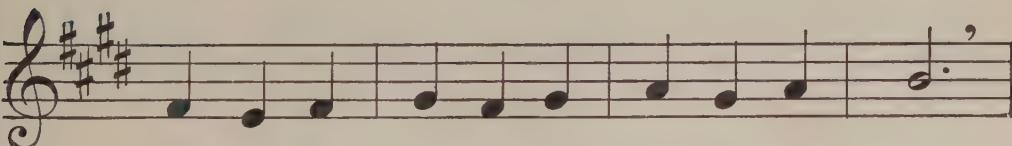
## Folk Song



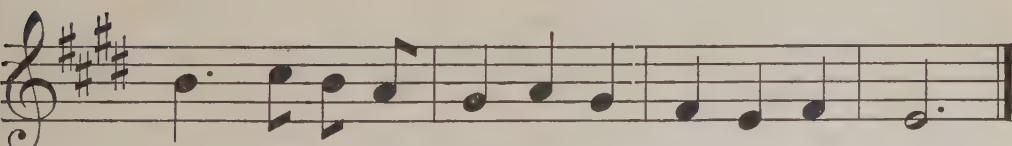
1. Su - sie, lit-tle Su - sie, what stirs in the hay? The  
2. Su - sie, lit-tle Su - sie, three pennies, I pray, To



gos - lings must go bare-foot, for no shoes have they. The  
buy the bread and sug - ar I must have to - day. I'll



cob-bler has leath-er but no last to use.  
sell my warm bed and go sleep in the hay.



Who will make the goslings a pair of red shoes?  
Su - sie, lit - tle Su - sie three pennies, I pray!

# Hollyhock

## SECONDS

Kate Forman

(T. M. II, p. 184)

Fanny Snow Knowlton  
*Composed for this Series*

1. When I saw you far a-way, At my play,
2. When I see you ve-ry near, It is queer,
3. But you're ve-ry kind to feed, Yes in-deed!

In your pret-ty sil-ky frock, Hollyhock! You were like a  
 And it gives me quite a shock, Hollyhock! Lit-tle bee-tles  
 Such a greed-y lit-tle flock, Hollyhock! And you real-ly

state-ly la-dy, In a gar-den green and sha-dy.  
 rude and fun-ny Crawl around and take your hon-ey.  
 are a la-dy, In your garden green and sha-dy.

# Theme

## SECONDS

From *The Ninth Symphony*

Ludwig van Beethoven

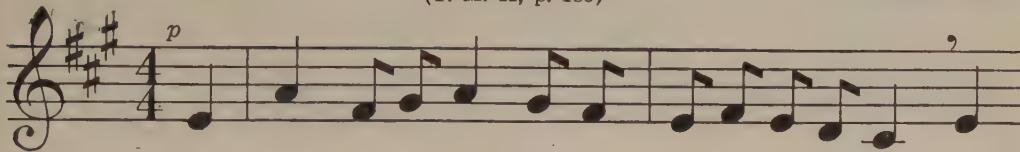
# The Voyagers

## SECONDS

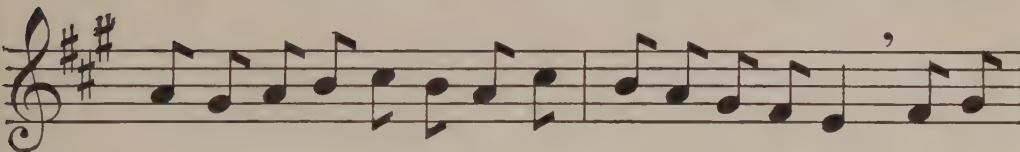
May Gillington

(T. M. II, p. 185)

Frank L. Moir



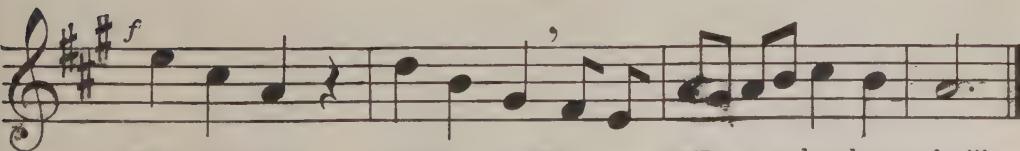
1. There once was a ship and a gal-lant ship was she, All  
2. The ship was a cush-ion from father's eas-y chair; Oh,  
3. With sweets on the deck and with biscuits in the hold, They  
4. They sailed far a-way and full ma-ny sights did see, And



taut and trim and steady and as fast as fast could be; And the  
how it rock'd and trembled on the bil-lows of the stair! But the  
tucked warm rugs about them just to keep them from the cold, And a  
ma - ny wonders strange enough to frighten you or me, Then at



three lit - tle mar - i - ners they sailed a - way to sea, Sing - ing,  
three lit - tle mar - i - ners they knew no thought of care, Sing - ing,  
flag on their topmast they so proud-ly did un-fold, Sing - ing,  
last, steering home a-gain, were just in time for tea, Sing - ing,



“Ho! yeo ho! Ho, yeo ho!” Singing, “Ho, yeo ho, heave ho!”

## Daisies

THIRDS

Christina Rossetti

(T. M. II, p. 186)

A. L. Abel

*mf*

Where in-no-cent bright eyed daisies are, With blades of grass be -  
 tween, — Each dai - sy stands up like a star, A - gainst a  
 sky of green, of green; A - gainst a sky of green. —

## Woodland Lessons

THIRDS

Caroline Fuller

(T. M. II, p. 187)

Swedish Folk Dance

1. School is out and we are go - ing Where the pret - ty  
 2. Lis - ten to the wood - land creatures, As they whis - per  
 sha - dy brook Thro' the sun - lit field is flow - ing.  
 les - sons sweet; Sermons from the best of preachers,

Ev'-ry-one is gay, Glad to leave the wea-ry book,  
 Mak-ing children good. Wa-ter cool for bare brown feet,

Glad to seek the for - est nook. Where the cool deep  
 Far a - way from ci - ty heat; How we love our

grass is grow - ing, We will learn to play.  
 na - ture teach - ers, In the fra-grant wood.

## Dance of the Leaves FOURTHS

Nellie Poorman

(T. M. II, p. 188)

English Folk Song

1. Ev'-ry leaf dons the gayest gown, Splash'd with crimson and golden
2. North Wind plays them his jolly tunes, Mel - o - dies of the Arctic
3. See the ed - dy of liv-ing flame, Gau-dy leaves in an elf - in
4. One mad frolic, and then the fun For the leaves is for - ev - er

brown; One and all, in the fall, For the an - nu - al autumn ball.  
 dunes; Merry strain, wild refrain Boreas pipes them with might and main  
 game! How they swirl, purl, and twirl, Dancing all in a gid - dy whirl.  
 done. Autumn strews shades profuse, Leafy carpet of Persian hues.

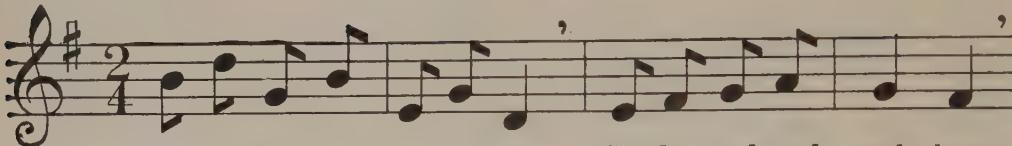
## Autumn Song

FIFTHS

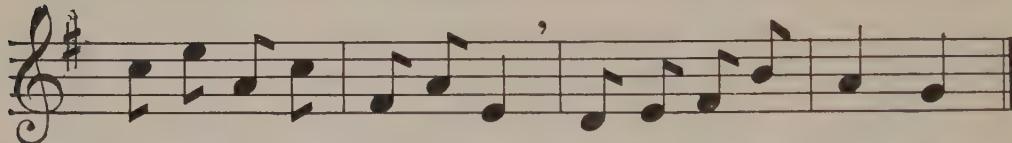
Abbie Farwell Brown

(T. M. II, p. 188)

Horatio Parker



1. Trees are turn-ing one by one, Gol-den, red, and yel - low;
2. Days are short and nights are long, Evening winds are sigh - ing;
3. Gol - den - rod and as-ters shine, Fields are ripe for reap - ing;



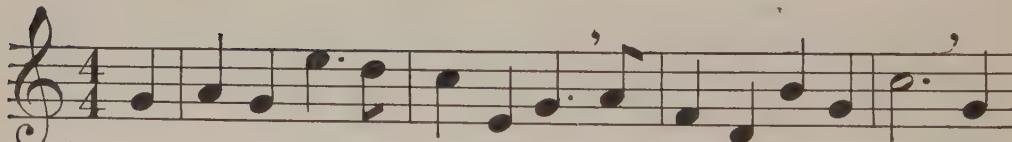
Brigh-ly now the autumn sun Makes the col - ors mel - low.  
 Birds have sung their parting song, To the South they're fly - ing.  
 Pur-ple grapes and ap-ples fine Fill the bar-row heap - ing.

## The Modest Violet

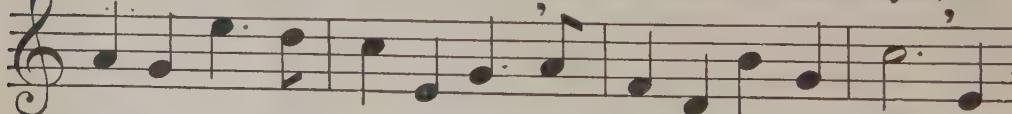
SIXTHS

Jane Taylor

John Hullah



1. Down in a green and sha - dy bed A modest vio-let grew. Its
2. Yet thus it was con - tent to bloom, In modest tints ar-rayed, And



stalk was bent, it hung its head As if to hide from view. And  
 there dif-fused its sweet perfume With - in the si - lent shade. Then

yet it was a lovely flower, Its colors bright and fair; It  
 let me to the val-ley go, This pretty flower to see, That  
 might have grac'd a ro - sy bower In - stead of hid-ing there.  
 I may al - so learn to grow In sweet hu - mil - i - ty.

## The Rain Harp

### SEVENTHS

Nellie Poorman

(T. M. II, p. 189)

Tyrolean Folk Song

1. A bois-ter-ous wind plucks the strings of the rain; The wonderful  
 2. With fingers un - err - ing, he sweeps o'er the strings; Re-sponsively  
 harp sounds a mag - ic re-frain. A me - lo - di - ous song Sings the  
 swell-ing, his in-strument sings. Hear the wind sa-ga bold, Breathing  
 wind loud and strong: "I am free, — yes, free, — I blow from the  
 mys - ter - ies old: "I am free, — yes, free, — I blow from the  
 sea, the sea; Free, yes, free, — And full of wild glee."

Chapter IX: The Introduction of Two-Part Singing

The Musical Mouse

May Morgan

Adolf Weidig

Allegretto  $\text{♩} = 100$

I dreamt when I was practi-cing My ex-er-ci-ses

Do, re, mi, fa, so, fa,

o'er, A lit-tle mouse came creeping out, And danced upon the floor.

mi, re, Do, re, mi, fa, so, fa, mi, re,

I  
 do.  
*thought his taste was very strange, I'd never caper so, For such a tune as:*  
 Do, re, mi, fa, so, fa, mi, re,  
*Do, re, mi, fa, so, fa, mi, re, do.*  
*slower* > > > > *a tempo*  
*slower* > > > > *a tempo*

## Solitude

M. Louise Baum

(T. M. II, p. 190)

Swabian Folk Song

1. A cot - tage by a mur-m'ring rill, Call — I my  
 2. There lin - gers, too, the sun - set light, Ro - sy and

own; It stands up-on a gras - sy hill, Si - lent and  
 long; A nigh - tin-gale makes all the night Sweet with his

alone. The cool moss a car - pet weaves, Star - ry with  
 song. The trav -'ler who comes that way Paus - es to

flow'rs, And elm shadows veil the eaves, Marking the hours.  
 hear, And gives to the plain - tive lay Praise of a tear.

### Honey Bees

TWO-PART ROUND

Nellie Poorman

J. J. Schaublin

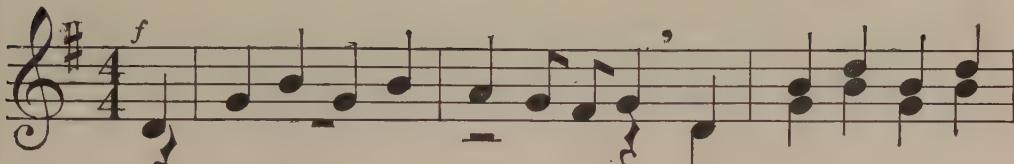
I , II

Bees gath - er hon - ey, Pay - ing pol - len mon - ey.

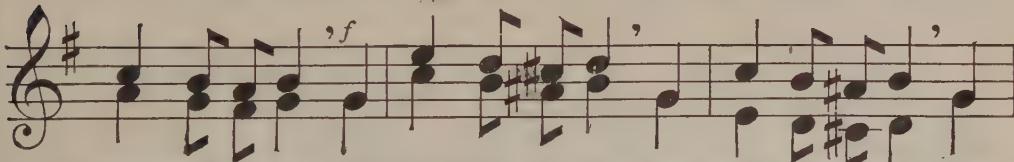
# The Cooper

Margaret Aliona Dole

Ernst Schmid



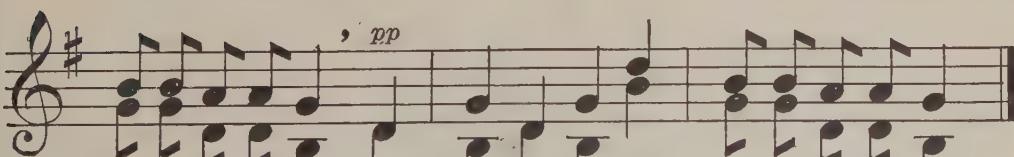
1. Oh, I'm the cooper bind-ing the cask; So hard the work I'm  
 2. Oh, I'm the cooper bind-ing the cask; I work with joy to  
 3. Oh, I'm the cooper bind-ing the cask; Each morning gay - ly



warm with the task. But quick-ly I place the hoops all around, But  
 fin - ish my task. And what if my back feel wea - ry and sore, And  
 star - ting my task. I'm fond of my work so sing all day long, I'm



quick - ly I place the hoops all around, And then with hammer  
 what if my back feel wea - ry and sore, I work still hard-er,  
 fond of my work so sing all day long, My hammer marks the



mer-ri - ly I pound, And then with hammer mer - ri - ly I pound.  
 bending all the more; I work still hard-er, bending all the more.  
 time of ev - 'ry song, My hammer marks the time of ev - 'ry song.

# Birds in the Branches High

Folk Song

1. Birds in the branches high Sing sweetest mel - o - dy,  
 2. Now flow'rs in thousands bloom, Rich in their sweet perfume,  
 3. Streams from the mountain high Onward flow peace - ful - ly, ,

Hid from our sight. List - 'ners from far and near  
 Scen-ting the air. They with their col - ors bright  
 Down to the vale. Stoop from the mos - sy side,

Gath - er their songs to hear, Filled with de - light.  
 Give to the eye de - light, Spring-ing so fair.  
 Drink while the wa - ters glide, On thro' the dale.

# Morning Prayer

Folk Song

1. Hap - py chil - dren greet the morning light,  
 2. Fa - ther, teach us through the com-ing day

Sing - ing prais - es for its glo-ries bright.  
 How to serve Thee in our work and play.

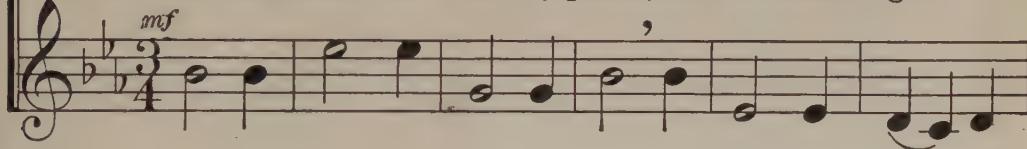
# Planting the Bulbs

Minnie Leona Upton

Peter Christian Lutkin  
Composed for this Series



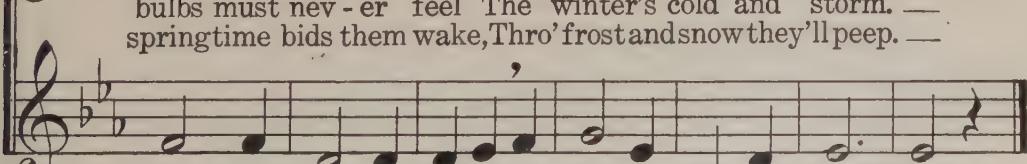
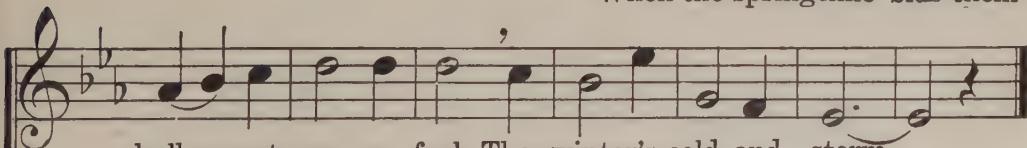
1. Tuck them in with soft brown earth, Un-til they're snug and  
2. Now we'll leave the ba-by plants, And let them go to



warm; — Lit-tle bulbs must nev-er feel, Lit-tle  
sleep; — When the springtime bids them wake, When the



Lit-tle bulbs must nev-er  
When the springtime bids them



## Star Daisies

Frank Dempster Sherman

(T. M. II, p. 191)

Carl Busch

Composed for this Series

*p*

1. At eve - ning when I go to bed, I  
 2. And of - ten while I'm dream - ing so, A -  
 3. For, when at morn - ing I a - rise, There's

see the stars shine o - ver-head; They are the lit - tle  
 cross the sky the moon will go; She is a la - dy,  
 not a star left in the skies; She's picked them all and

dai - sies white That dot the mea-dows of the night.  
 sweet and fair, Who comes to gath - er dai - sies there.  
 dropped them down In - to the mea-dows of the town.

## The Goldenrod is Yellow\*

Helen Hunt Jackson

K. L. Gläzer

The golden-rod is yel-low, The corn is turning brown, The

trees in ap - ple orchards With fruit are bending down.

\* From "Poems," by Helen Hunt Jackson, copyright, 1892, by Roberts Brothers

# The Penny

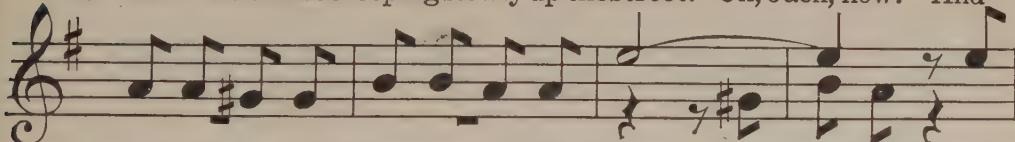
(T. M. II, p. 192)

Ann Underhill  
From the Dutch

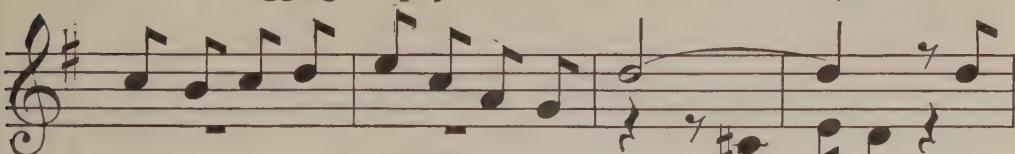
Catharina van Rennes



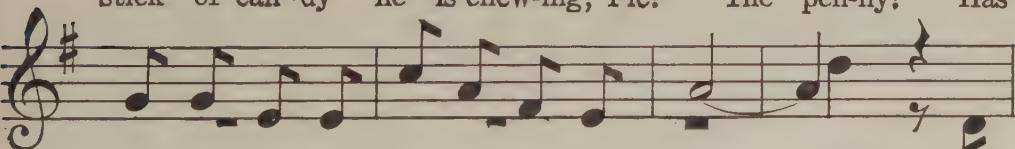
1. Who clatters up the street so fine and grand? Why, Jack, Sir! And  
2. Now who comes creeping slowly up the street? Oh, Jack, now! And



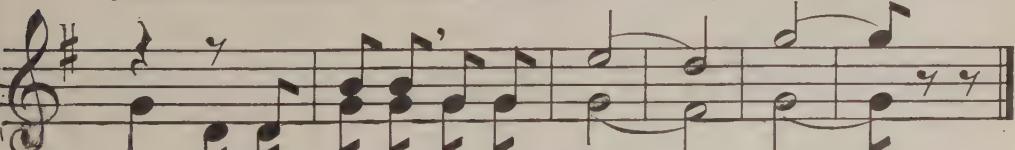
what is that he carries in his hand? A sack, Sir! New  
what is dragging limp-ly at his feet? The sack, now! A



boots he will be buying, do you say? A many! And  
stick of can-dy he is chew-ing; Fie! The pen-ny? Has



how much mon-ey has he with him, pray? Oh! A  
Jack the boots that he went out to buy? No! Not



pen - ny, One penny, Just a pen - ny! —  
a - ny. Not a - ny. No, not a - ny! —

## Chapter X: The Dotted Quarter-Note Beat; the Quarter and Eighth Note to a Beat

# Slowly Creeping Shadows Fall

## RHYTHM STUDY

Abbie Farwell Brown

## Adolf Weidig

A musical score for 'The Star-Spangled Banner' in 6/8 time. The music is written in treble clef and includes a key signature of one flat. The score is divided into two staves, each containing a series of notes and rests of varying lengths, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests of one and two measures.

Slow-ly creeping shadows fall. Darkness gathers o-ver all.

Comes the night, All is still Un-der-neath the stars.

## Little Lambs

Ethel B. Howard

Moritz Vogel

1. Lit-tle lambs, as white as snow, A-mong the meadow flow'rs,  
2. Home they come at close of day, Like children tired of playing;

Browse and play and wander slow Thro' all the day's bright hours.  
Shepherd shows the eas - y way And keeps his lambs from straying.

# Winter Cheer

Nellie Poorman

French Folk Song

1. In the win - ter weath-er Chil - dren all are hap - py,  
 2. While the winds are blow - ing Deep drifts round the windows,  
 Gathered close to - geth - er, Round the co - zy fire.  
 Pop-corn flakes are snow - ing By the cheer - y fire.

# Merry Autumn

May Morgan

(T. M. II, p. 193)

French Folk Song

Autumn is a mer-ry fel-low, Wear-ing rus-set clothes.  
 When his cloak of red and yel-low On the ground he throws,  
 All the fruits grow ripe and mel-low; Ev - 'ry emp - ty  
 barn o'er-flows — With the grain that he garners as he goes.

## The Shell

Rebecca B. Foresman

(T. M. II, p. 194)

Horatio Parker

Composed for this Series

1. Up - on the shore I found a shell; I held it to my  
 2. That such a lit - tle shell could sing, At first seem'd strange to  
 ear. I listened glad - ly while it sang A sea song, sweet and  
 me; Un - til I tho't that it had learn'd The mu - sic of the  
 clear, Loo, loo, A sea song, sweet and clear.  
 sea, Loo, loo, The mu - sic of the sea.

Genevieve Fox  
From the French

## Going Through Lorraine

(T. M. II, p. 195)

French Folk Song

1. Thro' Lorraine I came a-trudg - ing In my wooden shoes;  
 Met three captains gayly marching, Oh, my wooden shoes!  
 2. Yet per-haps I'm not so ug - ly In my wooden shoes,  
 For the Prince sweet flowers sends me Tho' I've wooden shoes;

And they laughed and called me ug - ly In my clacking, clocking,  
 Of Lor - raine I may, be Princess, In my clacking, clocking,  
 clumping wooden shoes, Clumping wooden shoes.

Chapter XI: Melodies in the Harmonic Minor Scale

Cherokee Cradle Song

M. Louise Baum

(T. M. II, p. 195)

Cherokee A. r

1. Star-bright eyes, Sweet and wise, O - pen  
 2. My pa - pose, Wee Wild Goose, Shuts his

when eyes at owls moth - er's tun croon - ing.

How Should I Your True Love Know

William Shakespeare  
 From *Hamlet*

Old English Song

1. How should I your true love know From an - oth - er one?  
 2. He is dead and gone, la - dy, He is dead and gone.

By his coc - kle \_\_ hat and staff, And his sandal shoon.  
 At his head a \_\_ grass-green turf, At his heels a stone.

## The Little Tree

Ethel B. Howard

(T. M. II, p. 196)

Ernst Schmid

1. Little tree, you sadden me! Withered, old, in the cold,  
 2. Little tree, be glad in stead! With its snows winter goes;

Thinly clad you seem to be. Leaves so frail, from the gale,  
 Spring will show you are not dead. She will make life a-wake,

Rustling, flutt'ring, wildly flee. How you shiv'er, little tree!  
 Bring new leaves and blossoms red, Little tree, with drooping head!

## In the Sleigh

Seymour Barnard  
From the French

(T. M. II, p. 197)

Norwegian Folk Song

1. Hip, hoo-ray! A snug sleigh, And cold be the day!  
 2. Ear-ly, late, we skate, skate, All ice is the bay!

Fingers wring and arms swing To drive frost a-way; In the  
 When were feet so fleet, fleet, And when lads so gay? In the  
 rit. *f a tempo*

cold Nor-way! Hie, Jack Frost, can you beat a sleigh?  
 cold Nor-way! Hie, Jack Frost, you are miles a-way!

# The Tambourines

Frederick H. Martens  
From the French

(T. M. II, p. 198)

Jean Philippe Rameau

Mer-ri-ly the Gyp-sy girls are sing-ing, Mer-ri-ly the  
Mer-ri-ly they rove, the high-way tak-ing, Mer-ri-ly like

tam-bou-rines they swing; All the lit-tle tin-kling bells a-  
pas-sage birds a-wing; Singing as the tam-bou-rines they're

ring-ing, Tin-tin-nab-u-la-ting, ting-a-ling-a-ling!  
shak-ing, Sil-ver bells a-tin-kling, ting-a-ling-a-ling!

Hap-py is their laugh-ter, gay-ly peal-ing, Mer-ri-ly as

sum-mer days are go-ing; Tho' up-on them win-ter

steal-ing Come with threat of chill winds blow-ing,

Fine

D.C.

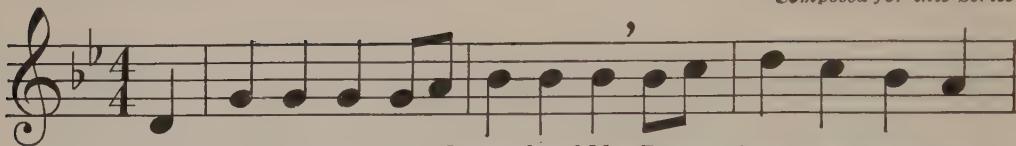
## Jack Frost

Gabriel Setoun

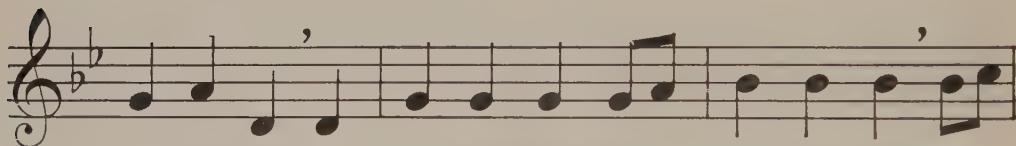
(T. M. II, p. 199)

Marshall Bartholomew

Composed for this Series



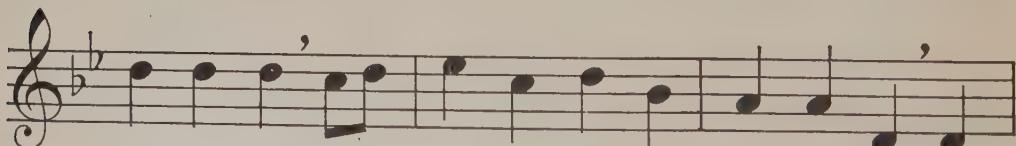
The door was shut, as doors should be, Be - fore you went to  
And now you can-not see the hills Nor fields that stretch be-



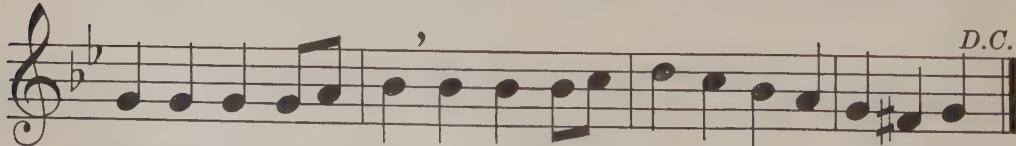
bed last night; Yet Jack Frost has got in, you see, And  
yond the lane; But there are fair - er things than these His



left your window sil - ver white. He must have wait - ed  
fingers traced on ev - 'ry pane.



till you slept, And not a sin - gle word he spoke, But



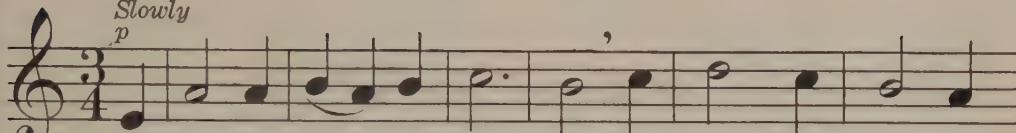
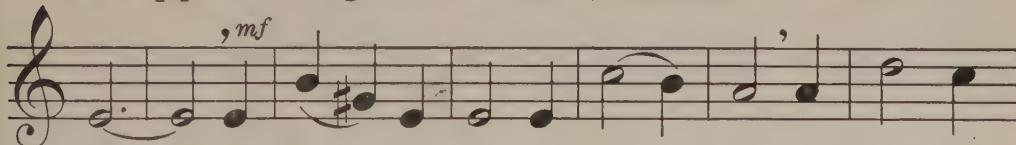
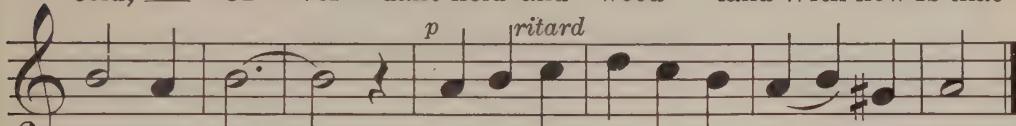
pencilled o'er the panes and crept A - way again be-fore you woke.

# The Old Shepherd

M. Louise Baum

(T. M. II, p. 200)

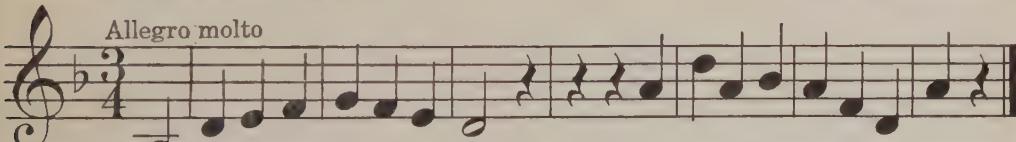
Swiss Folk Song

*Slowly**p**mf**p* *ritard*

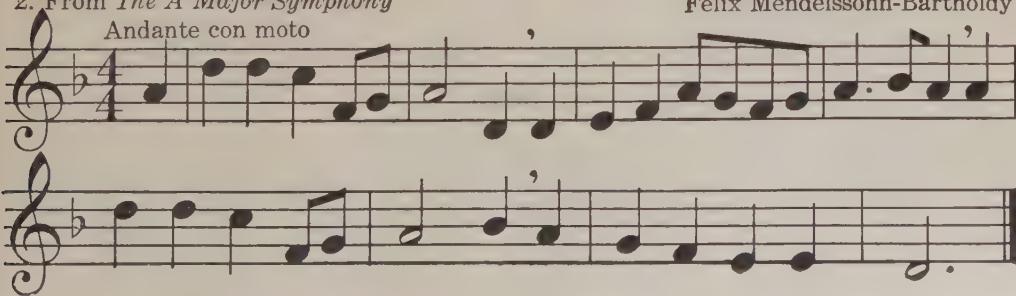
## Themes

1. From *The Fourth Symphony*

Robert Schumann

*Allegro molto*2. From *The A Major Symphony*

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

*Andante con moto*

Chapter XII: The Dotted Quarter-Note Beat; Three Eighth Notes to a Beat

## Snow, Beautiful Snow

### RHYTHM STUDY

Sylvia Child

George L. Wright

Snow, beau-ti - ful snow! White, feath-er - y snow!

Rollicking days, Frolicking ways; Come, beau-ti - ful snow!

## Sleep, Little Child

Nancy Byrd Turner  
*From the Italian*

(T. M. II, p. 200)

Italian Folk Song

Sleep, lit - tle child, in this night - time

Made for your mother and you, dear. Put by the joys of the light - time, Dusk, now, and qui - et, and dew, dear.

light - time, Dusk, now, and qui - et, and dew, dear.

Dreams be your pillow, your cov - er, Close to you an-gels will  
 hov - er. Sound be your sleep till the morn - ing

O - ver the blue hills is dawn - ing. Rest, lit - tle hands, lit - tle  
 feet, dear; Sure - ly the dark-ness is sweet, dear.

## The Sleigh Ride

Margaret Aliona Dole

Canadian Folk Song

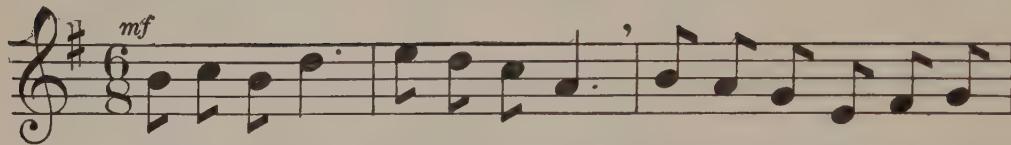
1. O - ver the snow we fly, Swift as the swal - low's  
 2. Smoothly our run - ners glide; Hap-py as birds are  
 wing. Sparkling the fields go by, Gayly our sleigh-bells ring.  
 we. Bil - low - y hills we ride, O-ver a broad white sea.

## Ring-a-ting Ting

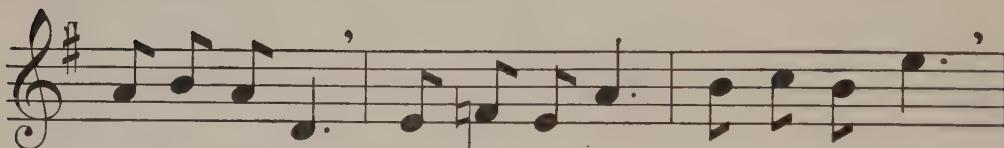
S. M. Rodgers

(T. M. II, p. 202)

A. L. Abel

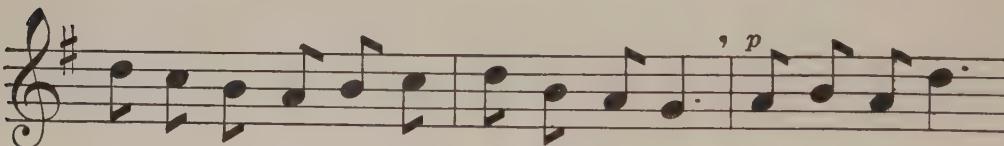


1. Ring-a-ting, ting! Soon will come spring! Bringing new life and joy,
2. But-ter-flies gay, Each sum-mer day, Mak - ing a round of mirth,



Ring - a - ting, ting! Bright sun - ny hours,  
Glad - some will play. Chil - dren re - joice,

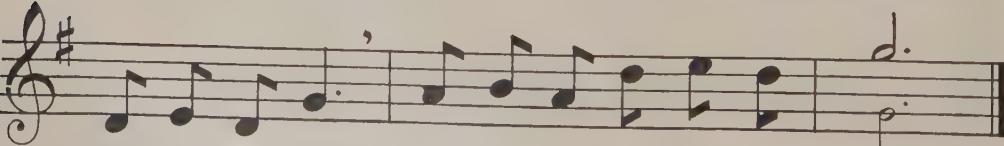
Sweet gen - tle showers,  
Raise your glad voice;



Call-ing to life a - gain Laps full of flow'rs. Ring-a-ting, ting!  
Spring is so beau - ti - ful, Chil-dren re - joice! Ring-a-ting, ting!



Ring-a-ting, ting! Ring-a-ting, ring-a-ting, ting! Ring-a-ting, ting!



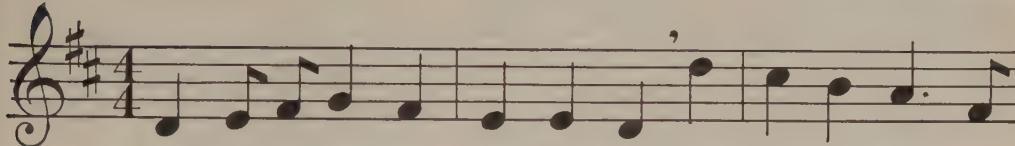
Ring - a - ting, ting! Ring - a - ting, ring - a - ting, ting!

### Chapter XIII: Simple Song Forms

## Now, Robin, Lend to Me thy Bow

(T. M. II, p. 203)

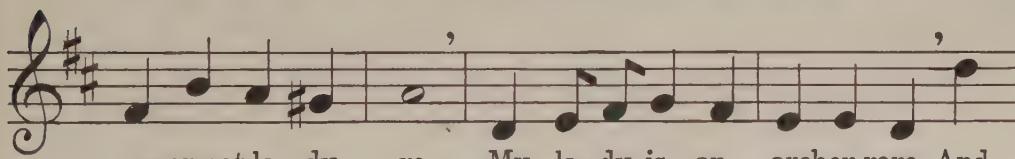
Old English Ballad



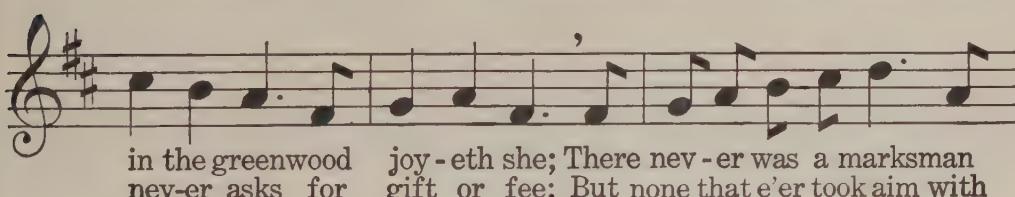
1. Now, Rob-in, lend to me thy bow; Sweet Rob-in, lend to  
2. Her mas-ter in the archer's craft, A lit-tle wing - ed



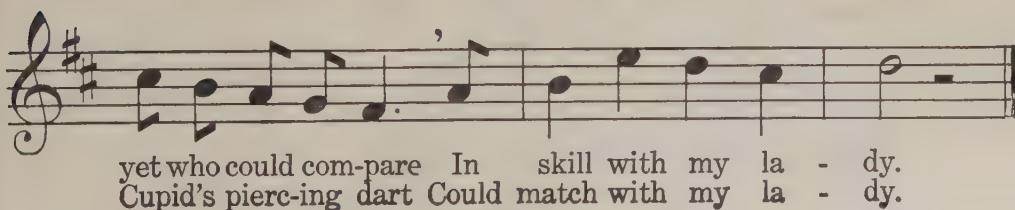
me thy bow; For I must nowa-hun-ting with my la - dy go, With  
boy is he. And winged, too, the hart must be that'scapes the shaft Of



my sweet la - dy go. My la - dy is an archer rare, And  
my be-lov'd la - dy. He teaches many a maid his art, And



in the greenwood joy - eth she; There nev - er was a marksman  
nev - er asks for gift or fee; But none that e'er took aim with

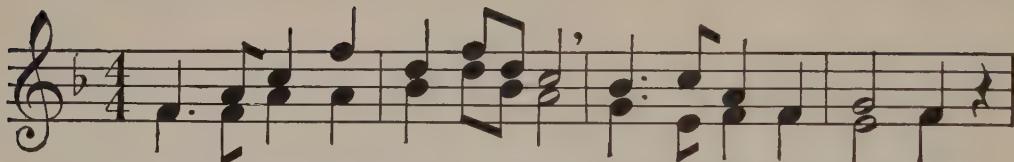


yet who could com-pare In skill with my la - dy.  
Cupid's pierc-ing dart Could match with my la - dy.

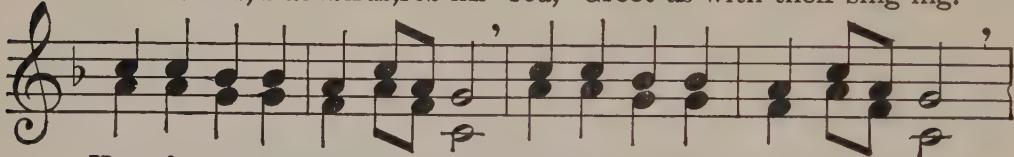
## The Birds' Return

George Jay Smith

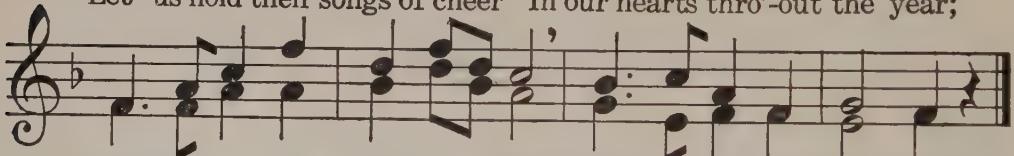
Folk Song



1. All the birds will come a - gain, Bringing with them glad-ness;
2. Thrushes, blackbirds, rob-ins red, Greet us with their sing-ing.



How they twitter, whis-tle, sing, Piping, trill-ing, chat - ter - ing;  
 Let us hold their songs of cheer In our hearts thro'-out the year;



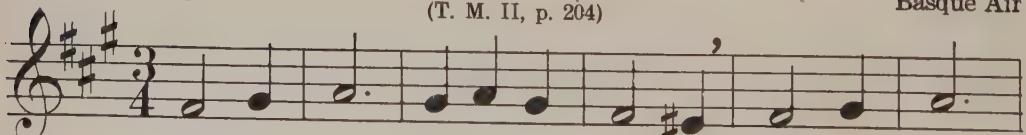
Hail with joy the hap - py spring! Such me - lo - dious mad-ness!  
 And, when fields are dead and sear, Keep their songs still ring-ing.

## A Basque Lullaby

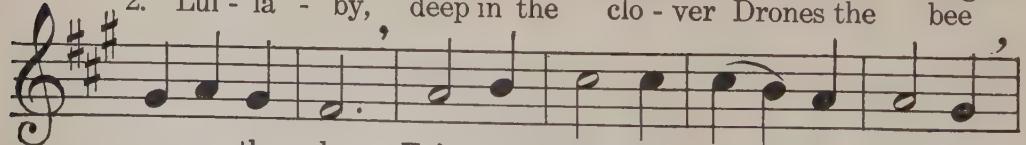
Florence Hoare

(T. M. II, p. 204)

Basque Air



1. Lul - la - by, twi-light is spread-ing Sil - ver wings
2. Lul - la - by, deep in the clo - ver Drones the bee



o - ver the sky; Fair - y elves are sof - tly treading,  
 sof - tly to rest; Close white lids your dear eyes o - ver,

Fold-ing buds as they pass by. Lul - la - by,  
 Moth-er's arms shall be — your nest. Lul - la - by,  
 ,  
 whis-per and sigh; — Lul - la - by, lul - la - by.

## The Skylark

James Hogg

Swedish Folk Song

1. Bird of the wil - der-ness, Blithesome and cum - ber - less,  
 2. Wild is thy lay and loud, Far in the down - y cloud;  
 ,  
 Sweet be thy ma - tin o'er moor-land and lea!  
 Love gives it en - er - gy, love gave it birth!  
 ,  
 Emblem of hap - pi - ness, Blest is thy dwell-ing place;  
 Where, on thy dew - y wing, Where art thou jour - ney - ing?  
 ,  
 Oh, to a - bide in the des - ert with thee!  
 Thy lay's in heav - en, thy love is on earth.

## A Song for Spring

Thomas Phillipson

(T. M. II, p. 205)

English Folk Song

1. Hark! the ti - ny cow-slip bell In the breeze is ring - ing;  
 2. Spring has come to make us glad; Let us give her gree - ting.

Birds in ev - 'ry wood-land dell Songs of joy are sing - ing.  
 Win-ter days were cold and sad, Win-ter's reign is flee - ting.

Win - ter's o'er, Spring once more Spreads abroad her gol-den store;  
 Hearts are gay, Blithe as May, Dance and sport the live-long day;

Hark! the ti - ny cow - slip bell In the breeze is ring - ing.  
 Spring has come to make us glad; Let us give her gree - ting.

## Wandering

Seymour Barnard

(T. M. II, p. 206)

Canadian Folk Song

1. Wan-der-ing far a - way, Far from our na - tive land;  
 2. Friend-less and lone we roam, Cold is the glance we meet;

With each suc - ceed - ing day, Further our dis - tant strand.  
 Ah, for the van-ished home! Ah, for our land so sweet!

Trav - el - er home-ward bound, Car - ry our love with you;  
 Trav - el - er, home-ward hie; When our dear land you see,  
 Say to the friends a - round We to our land are true.  
 Say, tho' we dis - tant die, Faithful to home are we.

## Horse and Cock

Abbie Farwell Brown  
*From the French*

(T. M. II, p. 207)

French Folk Song

1. Old Mas-ter Horse, who was eat-ing his supper in the yard,  
 2. "Nay!" cried the angry Horse, "Pray, leave my scanty fare a - lone.  
 3. Up spoke the Far-mer then, Gravely dis - gus-ted with the pair.,

Spilled from the buck - et a hand - ful of grain.  
 Eat your own din - ner and I will eat mine.  
 "Peace, I say, both of you. Quar - rel no more.

Sly Mas - ter Cock, who es - pied it, came running very hard.  
 When have you giv - en me one sin - gle kernel of your own?  
 Na - ture is bounteous and gives to us free-ly and to spare;

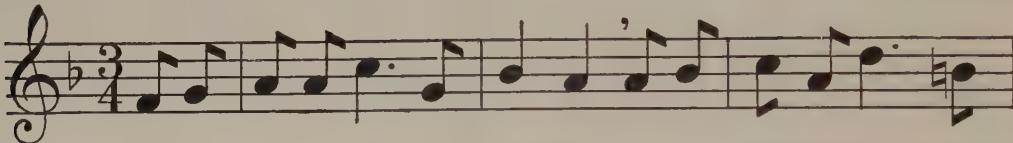
"Do it a - gain!" he crowed. "Do it a - gain!"  
 When did you ev - er in - vite me to dine?"  
 All must be gen - er - ous out of her store."

## The Fairies

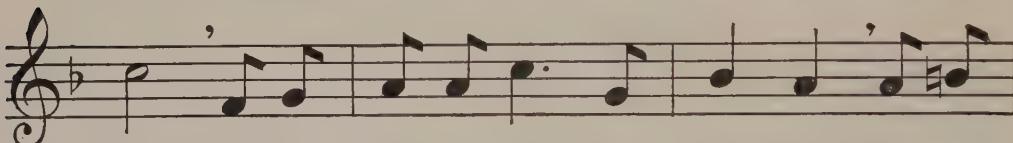
(T. M. II, p. 208)

Rebecca B. Foresman

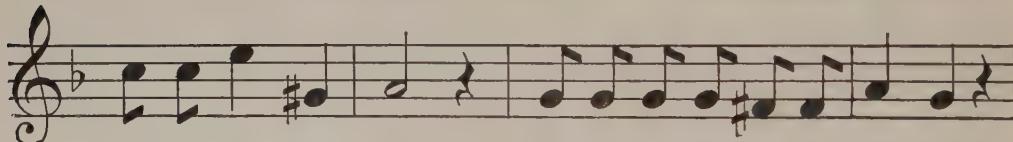
W. W. Gilchrist



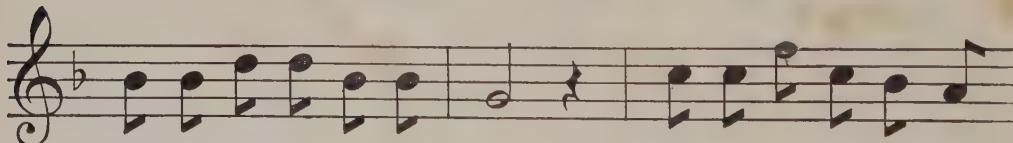
1. Once I longed to see the fair-ies, So I rose be-fore the  
 2. Some were bu - sy blow-ing bub-bles; Some in cob-web hammocks



sun, For I knew that with the sun-light They would  
 swung; Oth - ers gath-ered dain- ty rose leaves, On which



vanish, ev - 'ry one. So I chose the proper mo-ment;  
 lit-tle dew-drops hung. If you want to see the fair-ies



There, a-danc-ing on the green, Were the dear-est lit - tle  
 At their mer-ry lit - tle tricks You must rise up ve - ry



fair-ies A - ny - one has ev clock - er seen.  
 ear - ly, Long be - fore the clock strikes six.

# Patriot's Song

Ethel B. Howard

Franz Lachner

1. Sing for our na - tive land! Let us, her peo - ple, stand  
 2. World-wide, in ev - 'ry zone, Well is her ban-ner known,

Joined in a val - iant band, Voic - ing thankful praise.  
 Yet not for might a - lone Love we most our land.

Strong arms her fields to reap, Brave heart her homes to keep,  
 Hon - or, un - stained and bright, Free - dom, a ho - ly light,

Full life and cour - age deep, May God grant al - ways.  
 Strong ar - dor for the right; These our love com - mand.

## Theme

From *The Fifth Symphony*

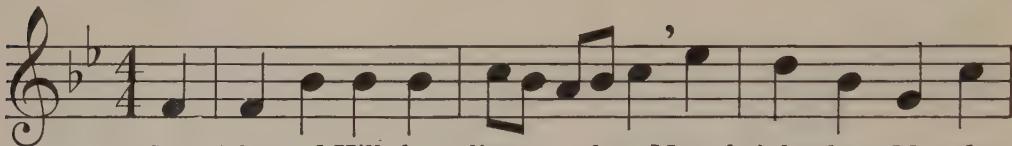
Peter I. Tschaikowsky

## The Lass of Richmond Hill

Leonard MacNally

(T. M. II, p. 210)

James Hook

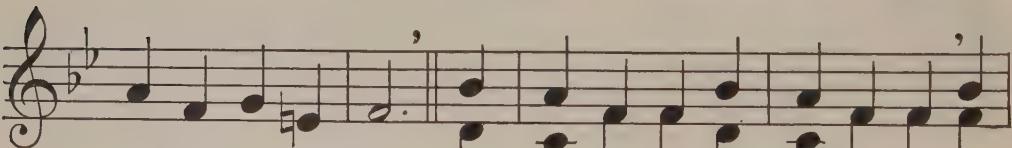


1. On Richmond Hill there lives a lass More bright than May-day
2. Ye zephyrs gay that fan the air, And wan-ton thro' the
3. How hap-py will the shepherd be Who calls this nymph his

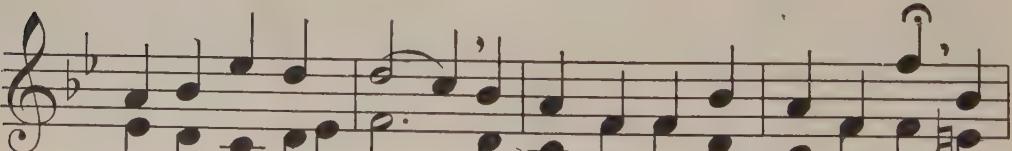


morn, — Whose charms all oth - er  
 grove, — Oh, whis - per to my  
 own! — Oh, may her choice be

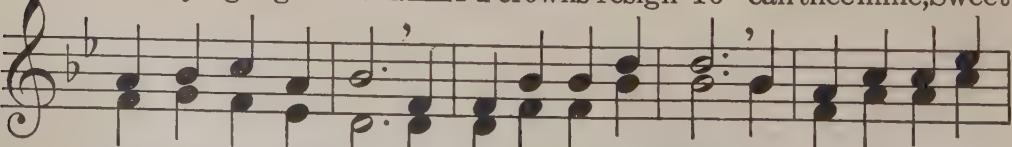
maids sur - pass, A  
 charm-ing fair, "I'd  
 fixed on me! Mine's



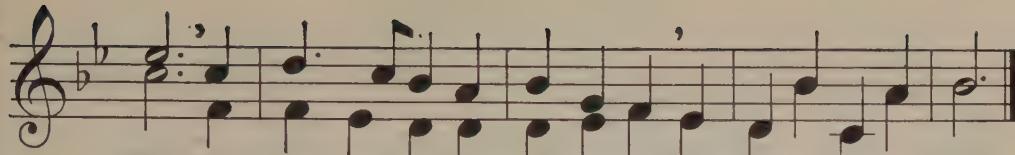
rose with-out a thorn.  
 die for her I love." } This lass so neat, With smilessosweet, Has  
 fix'd on her a - lone.



won my right good will. — I'd crowns resign To call thee mine, Sweet



lass of Richmond Hill, Sweet lass of Richmond Hill, Sweet lass of Richm'd



## An Adventure

Wilhelmina Seegmiller

(T. M. II, p. 212)

Adolf Weidig

*Composed for this Series*

1. As I went walk-ing down the street An or-gan man I  
 2. The mon-key wore up - on his head Quite jaun - ti - ly a  
 3. The big folks laugh'd at me, they did, And that is why I

chanced to meet, And while he played, a - bing - i - ty-bang, The  
 cap of red. 'Twas fun to see him climb up a tree, But  
 ran and hid. I liked the mon - key up in a tree, But

children hopped and skipped and sang. A - bing - i - ty-bang! They  
 when he held that cap to me, It spoiled all the play; I  
 wish he'd kept a - way from me. I had not a cent; A -

skipped and sang. A - bing - i - ty-bang! They skipped and sang.  
 ran a - way. It spoiled all the play; I ran a - way.  
 way I went. I had not a cent; A - way I went!

## The Cavalier

(T. M. II, p. 213)

Sir Walter Scott

English Folk Song

1. While the dawn on the moun-tain was mis - ty and gray, My  
 2. He has doff'd the silk doub-let, the breastplate to bear; Has  
 true love has moun-ted his steed, and a - way, O-ver  
 placed the steel cap o'er his long, flow-ing hair; From his  
 hill, o - ver val - ley, o'er dale and o'er down; Heav'n  
 belt to his stir - rup his broadsword hangs down; Heav'n  
 shield the brave Gal - lant that fights for the Crown!

## A Prayer for Little Children

Edith C. Rice

(T. M. II, p. 214)

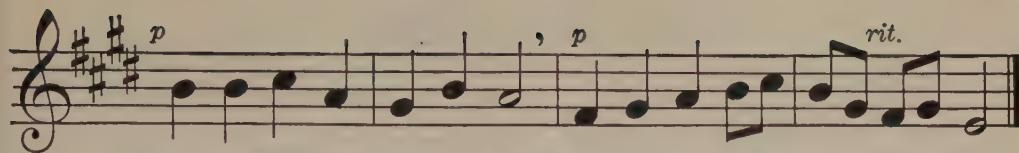
E. R. Kroeger

*Composed for this Series*

*p*

Help us, Lord, to be to-day Ve-ry kind in all our play.  
 Make us helpful, make us strong; Show us what is right or wrong.

*mf*



Hear us while we pray to Thee That good children we may be.

## The Four Winds

Frank Dempster Sherman

(T. M. II, p. 215)

Adam Geibel

*Composed for this Series*

1. In win - ter, when the wind I hear, I  
 2. In spring, when stirs the wind, I know That  
 3. In sum - mer, when it sof - tly blows, Soon  
 4. In au - tumn, when the wind is up, I

know the clouds will dis - ap - pear; For 'tis the wind who  
 soon the cro - cus buds will show; For 'tis the wind who  
 red I know will be the rose; For 'tis the wind to  
 know the a - corn's out its cup; For 'tis the wind who

sweeps the sky And piles the snow in ridg - es high, And  
 bids them wake And in - to pret - ty blos-soms break, And  
 her who speaks, And brings the blush - es to her cheeks, And  
 takes it out And plants an oak some - where a - bout, And

piles the snow in ridg - es high, in ridg - es high.  
 in - to pret - ty blos-soms, pret - ty blos - soms break.  
 brings the blush - es, brings the blush - es to her cheeks.  
 plants an oak some - where a - bout, some-where a - bout.

## Pop Corn Song

Sophia T. Newman

W. Otto Miessner  
*Composed for this Series*

In they drop with a click, clack, click,

Kernels so hard and

yel - low; Round they whirl with a hop, skip, hop,

Up they leap, with a snap! crack!

Each lit - tle danc-ing fel-low. Snap! crack!

snap! crack! snap!

crack! snap! Toss - ing so light and air - y;

*a tempo*

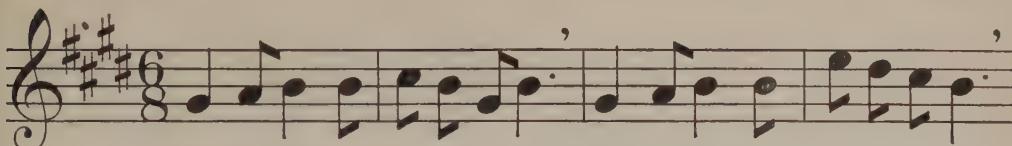
Out they pour with a soft, swift rush, Snowballs fit for a fair - y!

## Chapter XV: The Dotted Quarter-Note Beat; More Advanced Studies

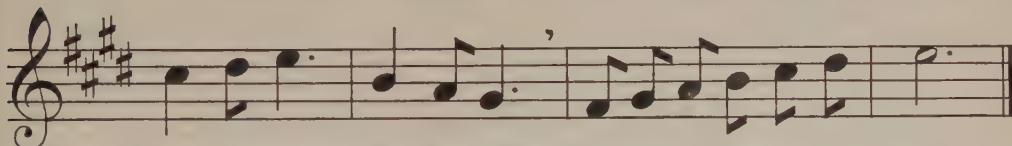
### See the Moon RHYTHM STUDY

Abbie Farwell Brown

Fr. H. Mayer



See the moon, a beautiful boat, Sail the clouds and merrily float.

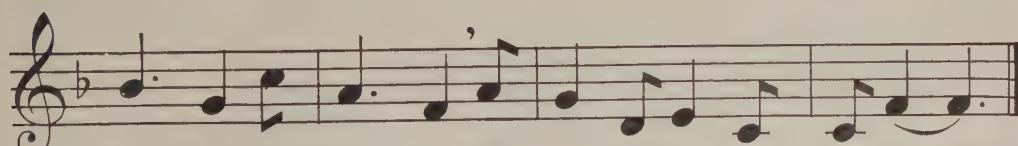


Now it seems stored with dreams; Beautiful, beautiful boat!

### Themes

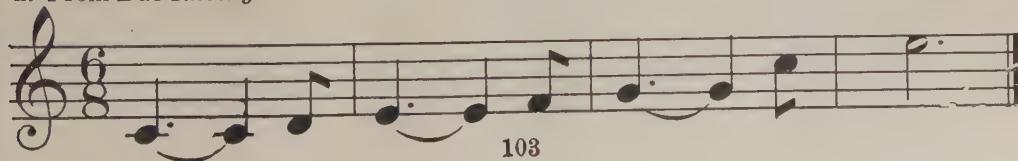
1. From *The Sixth (Pastoral) Symphony*

Ludwig van Beethoven



2. From *Das Rheingold*

Richard Wagner



## The Merry-go-round

Florence C. Fox

Edward Elgar

Composed for this Series

Allegretto L=96

mf

1. "Come ride, come ride," The  
 2. "My bars are long, My

p

wind-mill cried, "This mer-ry-go-round is free; Come  
 bolts are strong, As round and a-round we go! We

rit.

a tempo

breez-es all, Both great and small, Oh, come and ride with  
 ride, we ride," The wind-mill cried, "As long as winds shall  
 rit.

a tempo

me!  
blow!"

*mf*

*Poco*

## Sleigh Song

G. W. Pettee

(T. M. II, p. 216)

George B. Nevin  
*Composed for this Series*

1. Jin - gle, jin - gle, clear the way; 'Tis the mer - ry,  
 2. Jin - gle, jin - gle, 'mid the storm, Fun and frol - ic ,

mer - ry sleigh; As it swif - tly scuds a - long,  
 keep us warm; Jin - gle, jin - gle, down the hill,

Hear the burst of hap - py song.  
 O'er the mea - dows, past the mill.

## The Fishing Boat

Mary Howitt

(T. M. II, p. 216)

Felix Borowski

Composed for this Series

1. (Going out) Brisk-ly blows the evening gale, Fresh and free it  
 2. (Coming in) Brisk-ly blows the morning breeze, Fresh and strong it

brisk-ly blows; Bless - ings on — the fish - ing boat, How  
 brisk-ly blows; Bless - ings on — the fish - ing boat, How

stead-i - ly on she goes, How stead-i - ly on she goes!  
 stead-i - ly on she goes, How stead-i - ly on she goes!

## Follow the Plow with Me

(T. M. II, p. 217)

Old English Song

1. As I was plowing my fa-ther's field A - cross the hill came  
 2. 'Twas up the fur-row and down the next, Com-pan-ion sweet tripp'd

Mar - jo - rie. The far-mer's eld - est son was I, The  
 Mar - jo - rie. I plowed the field with might and main; Could

mill - er's daughter      she. \_\_\_\_\_ She      gree - ted me kind - ly as  
la - bor ligh - ter      be? \_\_\_\_\_ But      sweetest she look'd in the

home she hied; I pray'd she would linger and walk by my side. "Come  
sun - set red, Her lit - tle white hand on my good horse's head. "Stay

back, come back, come back," I cried, "And follow the plow with me."  
al - ways here, my dear," I said, "And follow the plow with me."

## My Lady Swan

Minnie L. Upton

(T. M. II, p. 218)

Mary Turner Salter  
*Composed for this Series*

1. My La - dy Swan Floats on and on, A - cross the lit - tle  
2. As pure and white, As fair and bright As win - ter snow, is

lake so blue, And in her wake The rip - ples break, And  
La - dy Swan; With grace-ful curves She bows and swerves, And

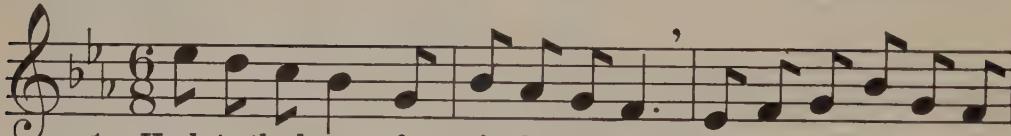
spar - kle like the morn - ing dew.  
like a fair - y boat sails on.

## Harvest Home

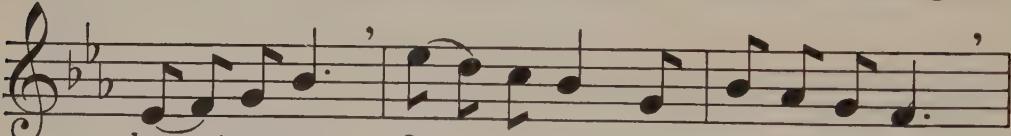
Mary Root Kern

(T. M. II, p. 219)

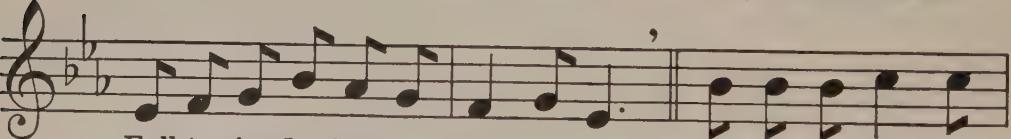
Mary Root Kern



1. Hark to the hum of vi - ol and drum! Down thro' the valley the  
 2. Barns full of store from hayloft to floor Tell of the blessing our



harvesters come. Ox - en strain the tow - er - ing wain  
 la - bors bore; Riches of health to joy in the wealth



Full to o'er - flowing for Har - vest Home. Voic-es we raise in  
 Nature has lavish'd for Har - vest Home. Voic-es we raise in

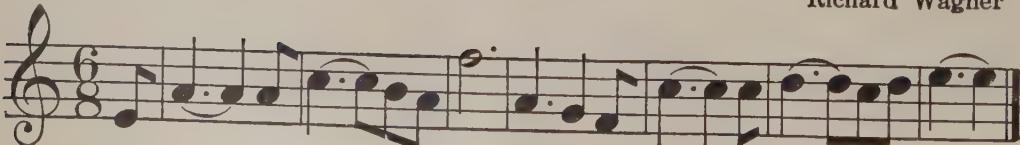


songs of praise And hymns of thanksgiving for Harvest Home.  
 songs of praise And hymns of thanksgiving for Harvest Home.

## Theme

From Siegfried

Richard Wagner



## Chapter XVI: Flat Chromatics; Skips to Flats, Resolving Downward

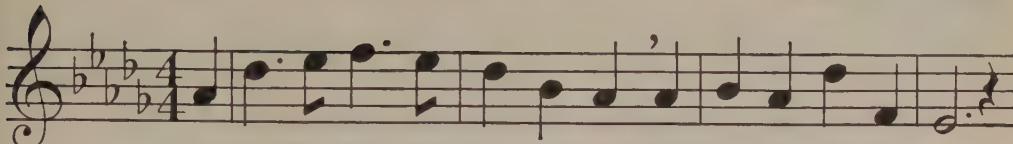
### Master Robin

Zitella Cocke

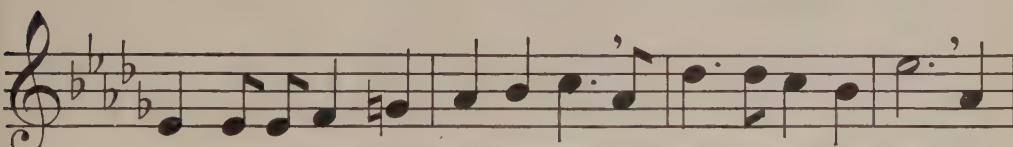
(T. M. II, p. 220)

Horatio Parker

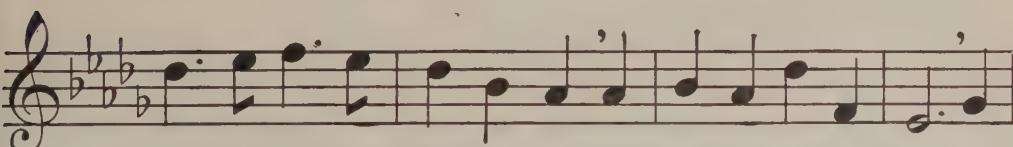
*Composed for this Series*



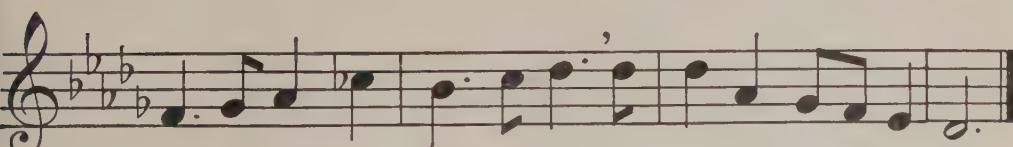
1. Of all the birds who come with spring, I love dear Robin best.
2. He's not a cow-ard, no, not he; He nev-er takes a dare,
3. He steps quite like a dan-dy gay When out on dress pa-rade,



He is the first to sing his song, The first to build his nest. He  
But if there's a ny fun around, He's sure to take his share. Be-  
And tho' Jack Frost is watching him, He's not a bit a-fraid. But



greets you, too, as you pass by With such a note of joy, I  
sides, he is a gen-tle-man, Who's always nicely dressed In  
in - de-pen-dent as you please, He heeds no-bo-dy's call, And



do be-lieve he has a heart Ex - act-ly like a boy!  
quite a sty - lish swal-low-tail And ve - ry hand-some vest.  
sings just when he has a mind, In springtime or in fall.

## Peaceful Night

M. Louise Baum

(T. M. II, p. 221)

August Bungert

1. From hills of rest de - scend - ing Now comes the peace-ful
2. The cra - dle goes a - sway - ing, The night moths are a -

A musical score for 'The Star-Spangled Banner' in G major. The melody is shown on a single staff with a treble clef. The notes are primarily eighth and sixteenth notes, with a few quarter notes and a half note. The score includes a key signature of one sharp, a common time signature, and a repeat sign with a '1' above it. The melody begins with a half note, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, including a grace note indicated by a 'k' and a fermata over a note.

night. With one last bird song blend - ing, My lul - la - by flows  
wing, And God's own hand is lay - ing His peace on ev - 'ry -

A musical score for 'The Star-Spangled Banner' in G clef, common time. The melody begins with a half note, followed by a rest, a quarter note, a eighth note, a sixteenth note, a eighth note, a quarter note, a eighth note, a sixteenth note, a eighth note, a quarter note, a eighth note, a sixteenth note, a eighth note, and a quarter note. The score is on a single staff with a key signature of one sharp.

light. Play-things at last in qui - et \_\_\_\_ lie, Where  
thing. An - gels who love my lit - tle \_\_\_\_ child Their

dus-ky shadows creep. Good night, — good night, good night, my  
watch o'er him will keep. Good night, — good night, good night, my

child, and hap - py sleep,      **Hap** - py sleep.  
child, and hap - py sleep,      **Hap** - py sleep.

## Farewell

Folk Song

1. Fare - well, — fare - well, — and peace — be  
 2. Fare - well, — fare - well, — but not — for -  
 3. Fare - well, — fare - well, — Oh, sof - - tly

with you; Peace, that gen - tlest par - ting  
 ev - er; Hope can see the morn - ing  
 breathe it; 'Tis a pray'r for those we

strain. Soft it falls like dew — on —  
 rise; Ma - ny pleas - ant scenes — be -  
 love; Peace to - night, and joy — to -

blos - soms, Cher - ish - ing — with - in our  
 fore us, As — if an - - gels hov - ered  
 mor - row, For — our God, — who shields the

bos - oms Kind de - sires — to — meet a - gain.  
 o'er us, Bear - ing sires — to — meet a - gain.  
 spar - row, Hears us bless - - ings from the skies.  
 in — His courts a - - above.

## Slumber Song

Ethel B. Howard

(T. M. II, p. 222)

Julius Hey

1. Sof - tly sleep, my ba - by dear, While I rock thee gen - tly here,  
 2. By thy era - dle, all the night, Stands a shi - ning an - gel white,

Swinging to and fro; Flow'rs and babies fall asleep, Dreams from dreamland  
 Guarding thee from harm. Sleep until the morning clear; Angels watch o'er  
 rit.

nearer creep, When the sunbeams go, When the sunbeams go.  
 babies dear, Safe in mother's arms, Safe in mother's arms.

Lovely Evening  
THREE-PART ROUND

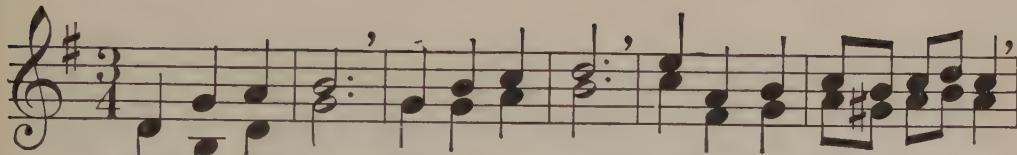
C. Schulz

I  
 II Oh, how love - ly is the eve-ning, is the eve-ning,  
 III When the bells are swee - tly ring - ing, sweetly ring - ing!

Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong!

# Birds in the Grove

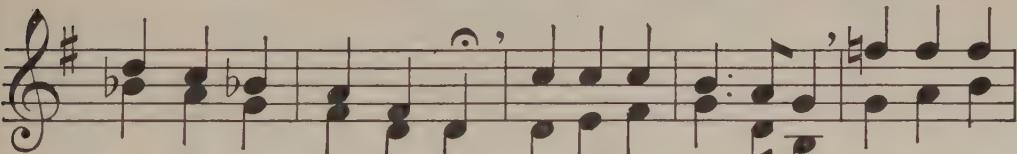
A. J. Foxwell



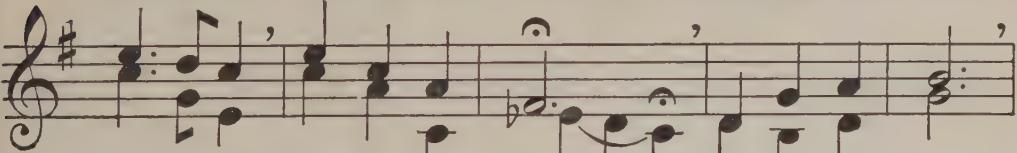
1. Birds in the grove, Birds in the grove, Flutter from tree to tree,  
 2. Fish in the stream, Fish in the stream, Glide thro' the sil - ver flood



Warbling wild mel - o - dy, Then up - ward soar a - way,  
 While clouds a - bove them scud. Tho' in the riv - er pent,



Gree - ting the orb of day; Life ev - er gladdening, Care nev - er  
 Yet are they there con - tent; Life ev - er gladdening, Care nev - er



saddening, Birds in the grove, \_\_\_\_ Birds in the grove,  
 saddening, Fish in the stream, \_\_\_\_ Fish in the stream,

Birds \_\_\_\_\_ in the grove.  
 Fish \_\_\_\_\_ in the stream.



Birds in the grove, Birds in the grove, Birds in the grove.  
 Fish in the stream, Fish in the stream, Fish in the stream.

## Farewell to the Woods

Nellie Poorman

H. Esser

1. Fare - well to thee, dear for - est home, Fare - well, fare -

2. Ye \_\_ fragrant pines that tow'r so high, Fare - well, fare -

well; Hence - forth in dis - tant lands I roam, Fare -

well; Ye wood-land flow - ers, sweet and shy, Fare -

well, fare - well. I'll ne'er for - get thy

well, fare - well. Wild for - est crea - tures,

shad - dy ways, Thy sheltered nooks, thy leaf - y maze; Each

glad and free, A — parting song I sing to ye, I

fra - grant dell, Fare - well, fare - well!

love so well, Fare - well, fare - well!

Chapter XVII: The Quarter-Note Beat; Dotted-Eighth and Sixteenth Notes

Dripping Rain  
RHYTHM STUDY

Abbie Farwell Brown

Fr. H. Mayer

With a drip, drip, drip, And a drop, drop, drop, See the  
rain on the pane; Will it stop, stop, stop? With a wink, wink, wink, And a  
blink, blink, blink, Will the sun shine a-gain, Do you think?

Lords and Ladies

William Brighty Rands

(T. M. II, p. 223)

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

1. Lords and la-dies, red and white, By the riv-er grow-ing,
2. I will be a lord to-day. (Round the world is go-ing.)
3. "I will be your la-dy fair If you will show du-t-y."

Red and white is my de-light, When the stream is flow-ing.  
Will you be a la-dy gay? (Ro-ses, ro-ses blow-ing.)  
I will love be-yond compare, You shall be my beau-ty.  
(Repeat first stanza)

## Indeed it is True

Kate Greenaway

(T. M. II, p. 224)

Horatio Parker

In - deed it is true, it is per - fec - tly true. Be -  
 lieve me, in-deed, I am play - ing no tricks. An old  
 man and his dog bide up there in the moon, And he's  
 cross as a bun - dle of sticks.

## The Violet

M. Louise Baum

J. F. Peichardt

1. With - in a gras-sy mea-dow grew A vio - let, mod-est,  
 2. The maid drew nearer, fair to see, And vio - let, trembl-ing,  
 fair, and blue. (It was a love-ly vio - let.) A pret-ty maid-en  
 thought: "O me, Per-haps she'll pluck and wear me." As past the flow'r she

danced that way, And oh, I heard the vio - let say, "Up -  
trod so light, Un - heed - ing it she crushed it quite; But

on her heart but one sweet day could I but lie!"  
vio - let said, "Tis my de - light thro' her to die."

## Good Night

Abbie Farwell Brown  
*From the French*

(T. M. II, p. 225)

H. G. Nägeli

1. Sweet good night! Sweet good night! Merry day has taken flight.
2. Sweet good night! Sweet good night! In the sky the stars are bright.

Hark, a lit - tle bird is peeping; In his nest he should be  
Sleepy eyes are slowly clos - ing; Lit - tle children all are

sleep - ing. Close your weary eye - lids tight. Sweet good  
doz - ing. Si - lence now till morn - ing light, So good

night, Sweet good night! Sleep thro' the night.  
night, So good night! Sleep till the light.

# The Sturdy Blacksmith

(T. M. II, p. 226)

## W. A. Mozart

1. Oh, the black-smith's a fine sturdy fellow! Hard his  
2. Blow the fire, stir the coals, heaping more on; Till the  
3. Let the blows, strong and sure, quickly fall-ing, Haste the

hand, but his heart's true and mel-low. See him  
iron's all a-glow, let it roar on! While the  
work, for the iron fast is cool-ing. Oh, the

stand there, his huge bel-lows blow-ing, With his  
smith high his ham-mer's a-swing-ing, Fi-ry  
smith he's a fine stur-dy fel-low! Brave-ly

strong brawny arms free and bare. See the fire in the furnace a-sparks fall in show'r's all a-round. And the sledge on the anvil is working from morning till night; Hard his hand, but his heart's true and

glow-ing; Bright its spar-kle and flash, loud its roar.  
ring-ing; Fills the air with its loud clang-ing sound.  
mel-low; Like his anvil, he stands for the right.

## Borneo

Seymour Barnard  
From the French

(T. M. II, p. 227)

P. Lacôme

2

1. In a boat off Bor-ne - o, Gentle winds do waft, waft, waft her;  
 2. Up the trees in Bor-ne - o, Monkeys make com-mo-mo-mo-tions;

as they blow, Sound of song and laugh, laugh, laughter.  
 Tricks we've heard of, or we know, Suit these monkey no - no - no-tions.

ritard

Answers from the sea, yo - ho - ho! Answers from the sea, yo - ho!  
 Fun-ny friends, like you, you, you, you, We could clamber too, too, too,

a tempo

'Tis a song that sings a sail - or, Sings a song at morn, yo-ho!  
 If we all had tails as you have, Tails as you have, for we know

Can - ti - le - na, Can - ti - le - na, Ech-oes back from Bor - ne - o.  
 With what you have, We could too have Climb'd the trees of Bor - ne - o.

## Oh, the Oak and the Ash

(T. M. II, p. 228)

English Folk Song

1. A north-country maid to the south-land had stray'd, Al -

2. "While sad - ly I roam, I re - gret my dear home, Where

though with her na - ture it did not a - gree. She

lads and young las - sies are mak - ing the hay; The

wept, and she sigh'd, and she bit - ter - ly cried, "I

bells gay - ly ring, and the birds swee - tly sing, And

wish once a - gain in the north I could be. Oh, the

maid - ens and mea-dows are pleas - ant and gay. Oh, the

oak, and the ash, and the bon - ny i - vy tree, They

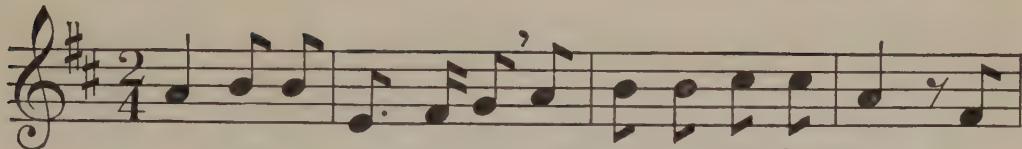
flour - ish at home in my own coun - try!"

## April

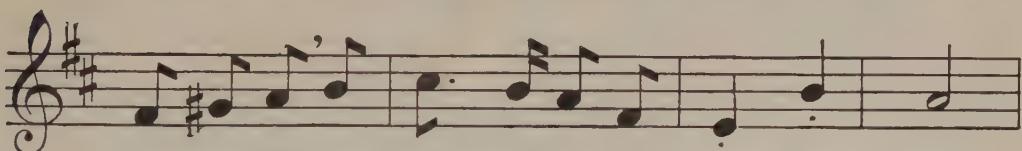
May Morgan

(T. M. II, p. 229)

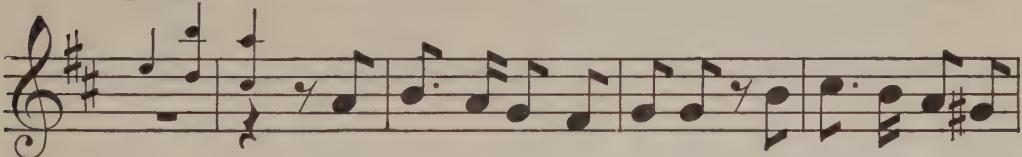
Catharina van Rennes



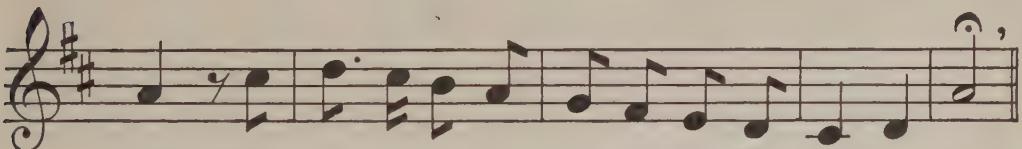
A - pril has come again With sweet perfume and song; The



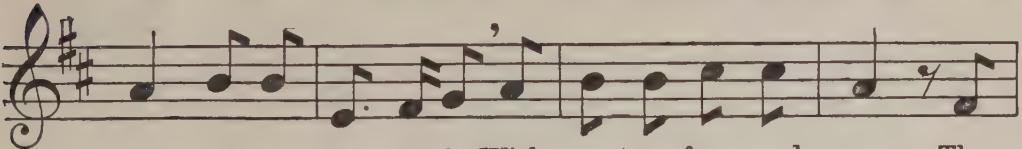
springs of life, the springs of love To her be - long.



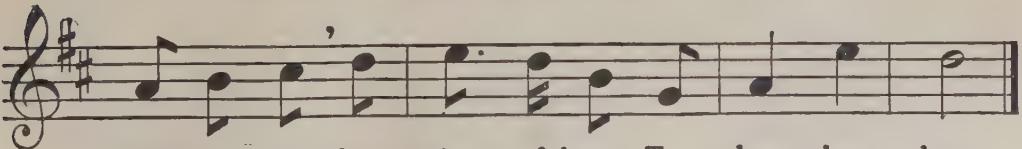
She sets the world to dancing On glad and ea-ger



feet; Its puls - es leap in wild de-light Her face to greet.



A - pril has come again With sweet perfume and song; The



springs of life, the springs of love To her be - long.

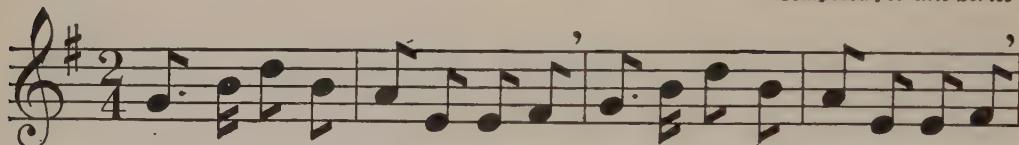
## Spring

Wilhelmina Seegmiller

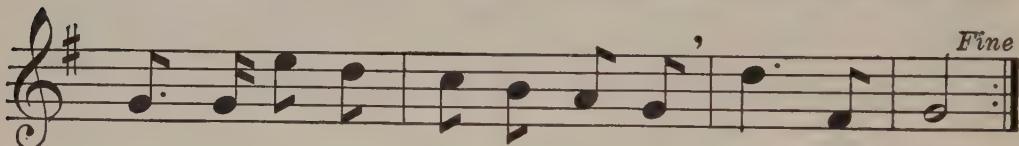
(T. M. II, p. 230)

Felix Borowski

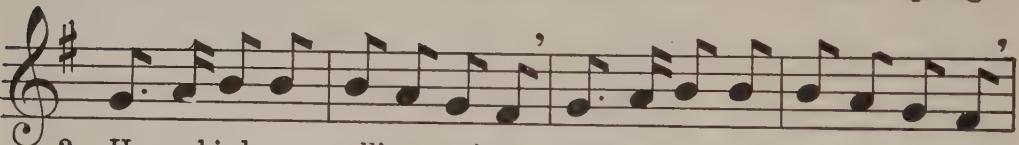
Composed for this Series



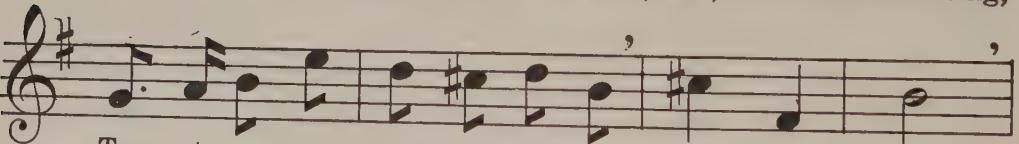
1. Now the balmy winds blow o - ver Scented fields of grass and clover;
2. Waters glance thro' reeds and rushes, In and out among the bushes;
4. Bright the world at time of Maying, Blue the sky, no sign of graying;



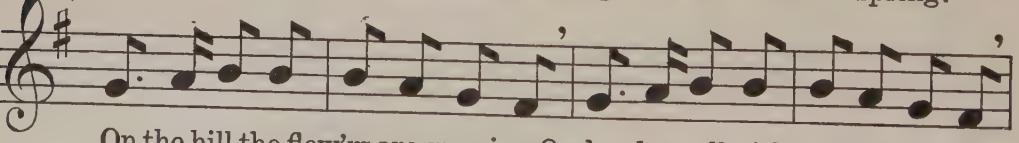
How I love to be a ro - ver In the spring!  
 Sweet the wood with song of thrushes In the spring!  
 Hap - py time for hap - py play - ing, In the spring!



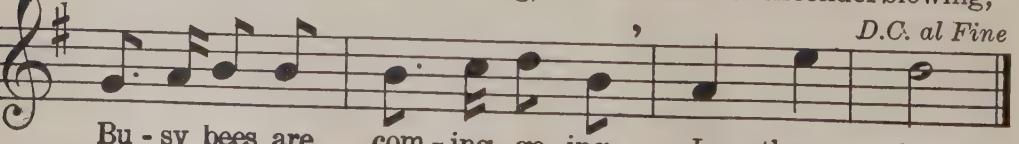
3. Happy birds are calling, cooing, Kildee, lark, and wren are wooing,



Twen - ty sau - cy catbirds mew - ing In the spring!



On the hill the flow'rs are growing, Orchardsswell with tenderblowing,



Bu - sy bees are com - ing, go - ing, In the spring!

Chapter XVIII: Three Tones Ascending Chromatically

# Happy Birds

George Jay Smith

(T. M. II, p. 232)

Wilhelm Müller

The musical score consists of five staves of music in common time (indicated by '3/4' on the first staff) and G clef. The lyrics are integrated with the music, appearing below the corresponding staves. The first staff ends with a comma. The second staff begins with a comma. The third staff ends with a comma. The fourth staff begins with a comma and includes a 'rit.' (ritardando) instruction above the staff and an 'a tempo' instruction above the end of the staff. The fifth staff ends with a comma. The lyrics are as follows:

We birds live mer-ri-ly all day long! In leaf - y branches we

sing our song! We're well and happy with tree for bed, And earth for

ta-ble all rich - ly spread! So we chirp a-way as we fly and

play, And when night comes sof-ty dream as we sway, Till the morning

bright bids us rise in flight For an-oth-er jol-ly day! —

# The Raindrops

Margaret Aliona Dole

(T. M. II, p. 233)

Russian Folk Song

Raindrops at the win - dow, Tapping on the pane,  
 Ask of one an - oth - er, "Do we knock in vain?"

# The River

Samuel G. Goodrich

Georg Döring

O tell me, pretty riv - er Whence do thy waters flow? And  
 whither art thou roaming So smoothly and so slow? My  
 birthplace was the mountain, My nurse the A-pril showers; My  
 cra-dle was the foun-tain, O'er-curtained by wild flowers.

# The Butterflies' Wings

From *Primary Education*

(T. M. II, p. 234)

Fr. Gernsheim

Composed for this Series

1. Oh, where do lit - tle but - ter-flies Get all their col - ored  
 2. I know they fly from flow'r to flow'r And this they do with

wings? They — real - ly look like flow'rs to me, The pretty lit - tle  
 ease, And — for their wings I think they take The petals of sweet

things; They really look like flow'rs to me, The pretty little things.  
 peas; And for their wings I think they take The petals of sweet peas.

# Tell Me Pray

(T. M. II, p. 236)

Silesian Folk Song

1. "Tell me pray, O gard'ner mine, Are thy beds not grow - ing  
 2. "Yes, Mam'selle, I've all the best, In my garden yon - der.

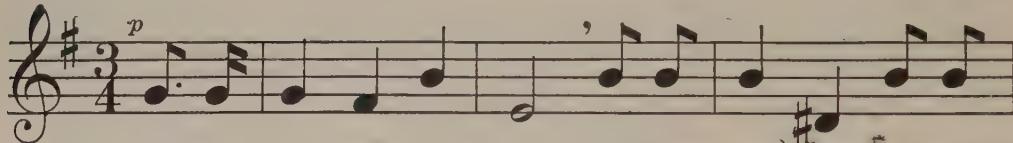
Lav - en - der and rosem'ry fine, Thyme in fragrance blow - ing?"  
 Will you be so good and rest Ere a-way you wan - der?"

## Sunshine After Clouds

(T. M. II, p. 236)

Nellie Poorman

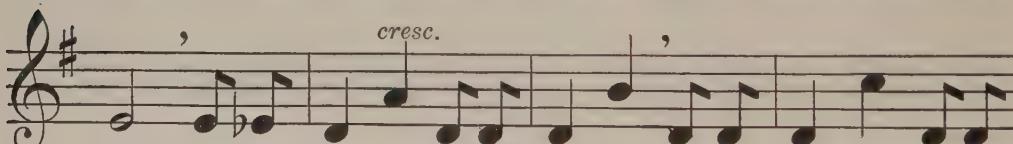
K. v. Woyna



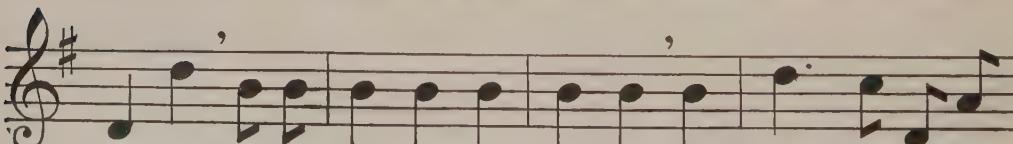
1. What a sad A - pril day! Dri - ving tem - pest, drenching  
 2. Au - tumn weath - er is gray, And the earth seems worn and



show - ers; Twisting trees, breaking flowers; Branches all swing and  
 wea - ry; Leaden skies are so drea - ry; Hear the wind's mournful



sway. Daf - fo - dils now sadly drooping, Stately lil - ies low are  
 lay. Then re - mem - ber that De - cem - ber Follows af - ter bleak No -



stooping. Then the sun shines in glo - ry And drives the clouds a -  
 vember, Bringing Christmas Day mer - ry, To drive our gloom a -



way; Then the sun shines in glory And drives the clouds a - way.  
 way; Bringing Christmas Day merry, To drive our gloom a - way.

# Go, Little Boat

Maud Wilder Goodwin

(T. M. II, p. 238)

A. Danhauser

1. Lit - tle boat, go sail - ing, While all the nets are skip - ping, Thy sails with salt spray

2. trail - ing; drip - ping; Fair winds nev - er Like a swal-low fail - ing To dip - ping, Spread

bear thee o'er the forth thy wings to slumbering sea. While rip - ples fav - or - ing gales. Sweet wel - come

wi - den, Wa - ry waits thee; Now the fish - es turn and lands-man blithe-ly flee; hails;

Yet their sil - ver Soon with-in the treas - ure thy spoil shall be. har - bor Will rest thy sails.

## Early Morning in May

Seymour Barnard

(T. M. II, p. 240)

Ludwig van Beethoven

1. Ear-ly morn-ing in May! All a-round — are blossoms  
 2. Ear-ly morn-ing in May! Lit-tle birds — a-wake and  
 blowing; Ah, what bright flow-ers they! Pet-als spread as tho' to  
 winging; Ah, what bright wings have they! Blue and crim-son, brown and  
 fly. Lit-tle blue bud, What are you, bud? Are you  
 gold. Lit-tle blue bird, What are you, bird? Are you  
 bird without its wings or true bud? Are you bird with-out  
 blossom on the wing or true bird? Are you blos-som with  
 wings, Lit-tle blue — bud, or a true bud? Are you  
 wings, Lit-tle blue — bird, or a true bird? Are you  
 bird with-out wings, On the mea-dow left to lie?  
 blos-som that sings, Lit-tle blue bird, bright and bold?

## PART THREE: MISCELLANEOUS SONGS

### A Little Philosopher

Margaret E. Sangster

From *Little Knights and Ladies*,

Copyright, 1895, by Harper & Brothers

(T. M. II, p. 242)

Horatio Parker

*Composed for this Series*

The musical score consists of six staves of music in G clef, common time, with a dynamic of *p* (piano). The lyrics are written in a smaller font than the musical notation, appearing below the staves. The lyrics are as follows:

1. The days are short and the nights are long, And the wind is nip-ping  
 2. The plums are few and the cake is plain, And the shoes are out at  
 cold; — The tasks are hard and the sums are wrong, And the  
 toe; — For coins you look in the purse in vain; They were  
 teach - ers of - ten scold. But John - ny Mc - Cree, oh,  
 all spent long a - go. But John - ny Mc - Cree, oh,  
 what cares he, As he whis-tles a-long the way? \*As he  
 what cares he, As he whis-tles a-long the street? As he  
 whis-tles a - long the way. — “It will all come right By to -  
 whis-tles a - long the street. — “Would you have the blues For a  
 mor-row night,” Says Johnny Mc - Cree to - day.  
 pair of shoes? You still have a pair of feet.” —

\* Boys may whistle the phrase in small type

## Foreign Children

Robert Louis Stevenson

(T. M. II, p. 243)

Victor Herbert

Composed for this Series

*mf*

Lit-tle Indian, Sioux or Crow, Lit-tle fros-ty Es - ki - mo,

Lit-tle Turk or Jap - a - nee, Oh, don't you wish that you were me, that

you were me, that you were me? — You have seen the scar - let trees

And the li - ons o - ver seas; You have eat-en ostrich eggs, And

turned the turtles off their legs. Such a life is ve - ry fine, But it's not as

nice as mine. You have curious things to eat, I am fed on prop-er meat;

You must dwell be - yond the foam. But I am safe and live at home.

*a tempo*

*ritard*

*a tempo*

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow, Little frosty Es - ki - mo,  
 Little Turk or Jap - a - nee, Oh, don't you wish that  
 you were me, that you were me, that you were me? —

## Wishing

Alice V. L. Carrick

(T. M. II, p. 246)

Frank van der Stucken

*Composed for this Series*

1. I'd like a gun, I'd like to run A-way and be a pi-rate; To  
 2. A rob-ber bold, I'd like to hold A cav-ern in a mountaint; But

sail a-cross the foaming seas, And have big ships, big ships to fire —  
 I would like the best to have A so - da - wa-ter,

at so - da - wa - ter foun - - - tain.

## An Arbor Day Song

Susie M. Best

(T. M. II, p. 247)

Carl Busch

Composed for this Series



1. Spring! Spring! It is the time when trees Be-gin to bud and bloom!
2. Spring! Spring! It is the time when sap Be-gins to rise and run!



Sing! Sing! O birds and bees; O flow'rs, shed per - fume! \_\_\_\_\_  
 Sing! Sing! For old earth's lap Grows green'neath the sun. \_\_\_\_\_

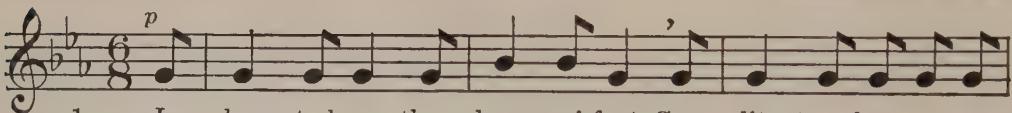
## Hoof Beats

Louise Ayres Garnett

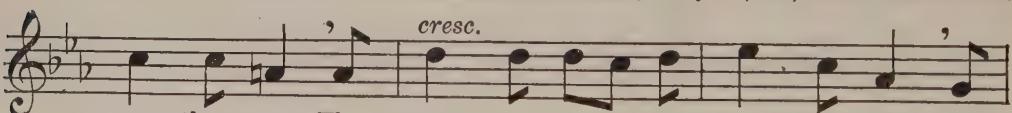
(T. M. II, p. 248)

Arthur Farwell

Composed for this Series



1. I love to hear the hors - es' feet Go clit - ter clat-ter up -
2. Some-times it seems as though they say, "Sweet dreams, my child, it will
3. Or just as tho' they're on the way To lands where numberless
4. I love the sounds that come at night, They're, oh, so diff'rent from



on the street. The nights when I can't sleep, I lie And  
 soon be day." A - gain they sound like gob - lin bands That  
 chil-dren stay. But al - ways do they seem to bring A  
 sounds by light! But most of all I love the beat Of



wait for hoof beats go - ing by.  
 stamp their feet and clap their hands;  
 thought that keeps me won - der ing.  
 hors - es' hoofs up on the street.

# Rhyme of the Rail

J. G. Saxe

(T. M. II, p. 249)

George W. Chadwick  
*Composed for this Series*

*mf*

1. Sing-ing thro' the for-ests, Rat-tling o - ver ridg-es,  
 2. High and low - ly peo-ple, Birds of ev - 'ry feath-er,  
 3. Trav - 'ler on my right hand, Look-ing ve - ry sun-ny,  
 4. Mar - ket wom-an care-ful Of the precious cas-ket,  
 5. Sing - ing thro' the for-ests, Rat-tling o - ver ridg-es,

Shoo-ting un - der arch - es, Rum-blung o - ver bridg-es,  
 On a com-mon lev - el, Trav - el - ing to - geth - er.  
 Ev - i - den - tly read - ing Some-thing ve - ry fun - ny.  
 Know-ing eggs are cos - tly Tigh - tly holds her bas - ket.  
 Shoo-ting un - der arch - es, Rum-blung o - ver bridg-es,

*p*

Whiz - zing thro' the moun-tains, Buz - zing o'er the vale,-  
 Men of dif - f'rent "sta - tions" In the eye of fame  
 An - cient maid - en la - dy Ask - ing for the news;  
 Wom - an with a ba - by, Sit - ting vis - a - vis;  
 Whiz - zing thro' the moun-tains, Buz - zing o'er the vale,-

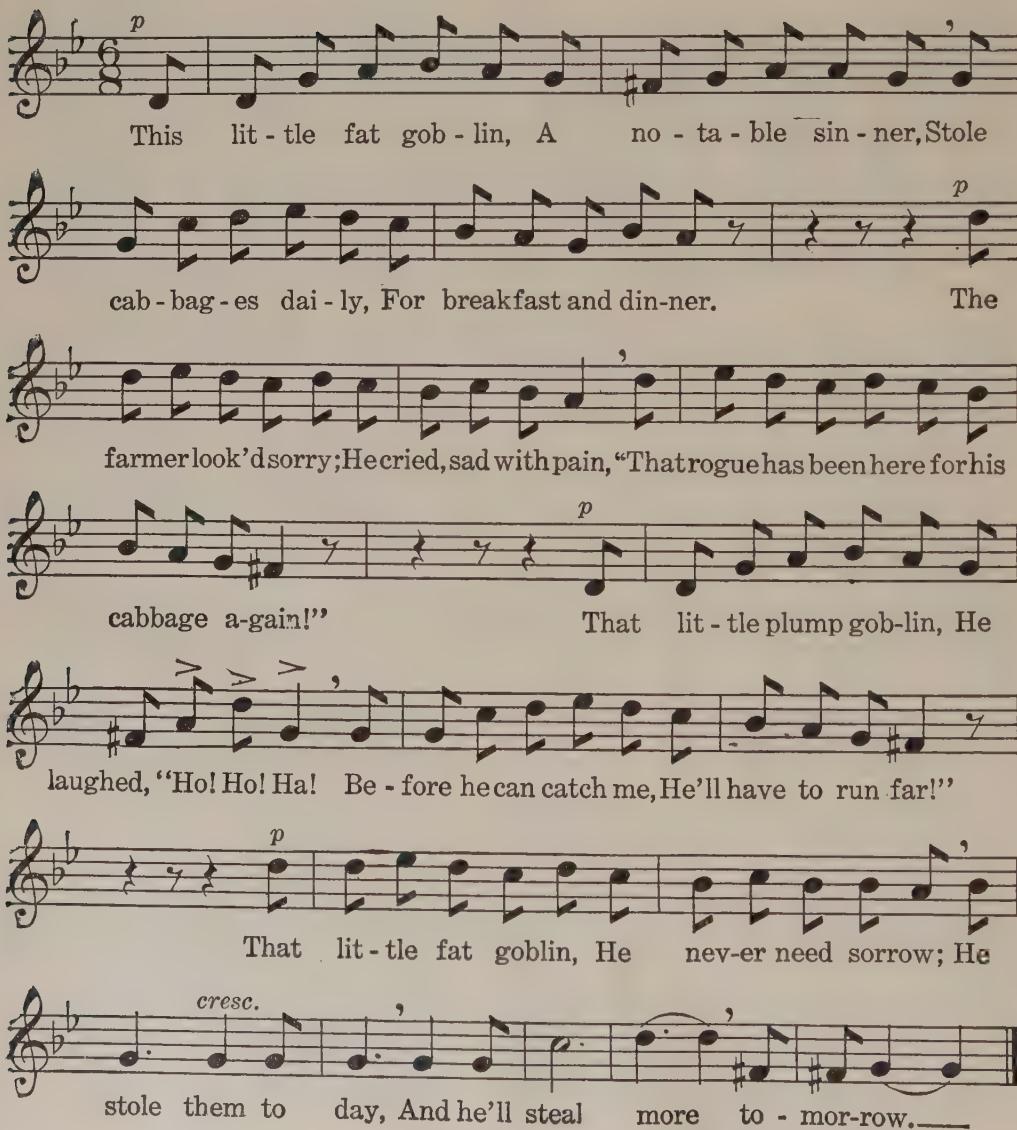
Bless me! this is pleas-ant, Ri - ding on the Rail!  
 Here are ve - ry quick - ly Com - ing to the same.  
 Black - ap - par - eled stran-ger In a fit of blues.  
 Ba - by keeps a - squal-ling, Wom - an looks at me.  
 Bless me! this is pleas-ant, Ri - ding on the Rail!

## This Little Fat Goblin

Kate Greenaway

(T. M. II, p. 250)

Horatio Parker


 This lit - tle fat gob - lin, A no - ta - ble sin - ner, Stole  
 cab - bag - es dai - ly, For breakfast and din-ner. The  
 farmer look'd sorry; He cried, sad with pain, "That rogue has been here for his  
 cabbage a-gain!" That lit - tle plump gob-lin, He  
 laughed, "Ho! Ho! Ha! Be - fore he can catch me, He'll have to run far!"  
 That lit - tle fat goblin, He nev-er need sorrow; He  
 stole them to day, And he'll steal more to - mor-row.

# The Daisy

Sir Rennell Rodd

(T. M. II, p. 252)

Vincent d'Indy  
*Composed for this Series*

1. With lit-tle white leaves in the gras-ses, Spread wide for the smile of the  
 2. "Pray, why do you close thus at e - ven?" I know what it wan-tened to

sun, It waits till the daylight passes And closes them one by one.  
 say: "The stars shine all night in heaven, And I'm the bright star of day."

# In the Cornfield

Maude M. Grant

(T. M. II, p. 253)

Adolf Weidig  
*Composed for this Series*

Did you ev - er go out in a corn-field, And walk there to and

fro? The stalks are high as trees, it seems, And the long leaves shake and

blow. And they make such a stir and a rustling, And the wind goes, "Hush, hush,"

so; Oh, it's fun to walk in the cornfield, When the autumn breezes blow.

## The Mill Fairy

H. D.

(T. M. II, p. 254)

Walter Morse Rummel  
Composed for this Series

*Delicately*

There was a fair-y in a mill who had not ve-ry

much to do. He coun-ten all the piles of wheat, and

*allargando*

*a tempo*

then he munc'd a grain or two; For he had not ve-ry

much to do; For he had not ve-ry much to do.

He thought a - bout the

ways of wasps and beetles and of fair-y lore; But

when he'd ed-u-cate the mice, they said: "We've heard all that be-fore."

*allargando a tempo*

There — was a fair - y in a mill; he  
had — not ve - ry much to do!

## The Swing

Emily Fox Grinnell

(T. M. II, p. 256)

W. Otto Miessner

*Composed for this Series*

1. A splendid long sweep, Up high in the air, yo - ho! — Heigh-  
2. And now we will swing, Down thro' the blue day, yo - ho! — Heigh-

ho! — The lit - tle leaves laugh, The wind rush-es by, yo -  
ho! — O'er meadow grass wing Our shad - ow - y way, yo -

ho! — Heigh - ho! — Oh, call to the dove That  
ho! — Heigh - ho! — Oh, call to the lark, And

pas-ses on high, For we, too, can fly, — can fly! —  
join in his lay, For we, too, are gay, — are gay! —

## The Blackbird

M. Louise Baum

(T. M. II, p. 257)

Italian Folk Song

1. Thro' the field I went a-whistling loud and clear; Ho! Are you  
 2. "I have sung," he said, "till dawn grew rosy red, Ho! Then I

there, my friend, the cocks a - black - bird? And my Next I  
 set the cocking, crow - ing, set the cocking, crow - ing,

mer-ry shout and whis-tele do you hear? Ho! Come, wake  
 whistled all the children out of bed, Ho! And I

up for there's the sun. Then I heard, Ho! How the  
 put the mill at work. Nestling each, Ho! That I

bird, Ho! Called in glee to me with ech-o of my fun. "I a-  
 teach, Ho! Reads the skies as wise as any weather clerk. Look a-

wake? Ho! You mis-take, Ho! For my day's work's half way done!  
 live, Ho! They who thrive, Ho! While the sun shines, nev-er shirk."

# The Kite

Charles Keeler

(T. M. II, p. 258)

Peter Christian Lutkin

Composed for this Series

Allegretto

Blow, wind, blow, wind, fly, kite, fly! On and on you

go, wind, Up, kite, high! 1. Outsweeps your tail, kite, Tug on the  
2. Would I were like you, One snowy  
3. Swift would I sail, kite, Up to the

string; Far a-way you sail, kite; Proud - ly you swing.  
wing; Noth-ing else to do but Tug on the string.  
moon; Down the milk-y way, then, Slide homeward soon.

# A Spring Guest

Kate Louise Brown

(T. M. II, p. 262)

G. A. Grant-Schaefer

Composed for this Series

La-dy Ap-ple Blos-som, Just arrived in town, Wears a bright green

bon-net, With a snow-y gown. The pretty frock is - What do you

think? Five white pet-als Just touched with pink.

# A Meadow Song

Laura E. Richards

(T. M. II, p. 259)

Horatio Parker

*Composed for this Series*

*Fast*

1. Red-top, tim-o-thy, June grass and clover, Sing the merry meadow song  
 2. Red-top, tim-o-thy, herd's grass and daisy, Hear the merry meadow's song  
 o-ver and o-ver. Bobolinks a-trill-ing thro' it, Little breez-es  
 laughing and la-zy! Grasshoppers a-chir-ring thro' it, Jolly quak-ers  
 thrill-ing to it; Just to-day, Care a-way, And I'll be a ro-ver.  
 whir-ring thro' it; Midges small, O-ver all, Just dance till they're crazy.

# Frost Fairies

May Morgan

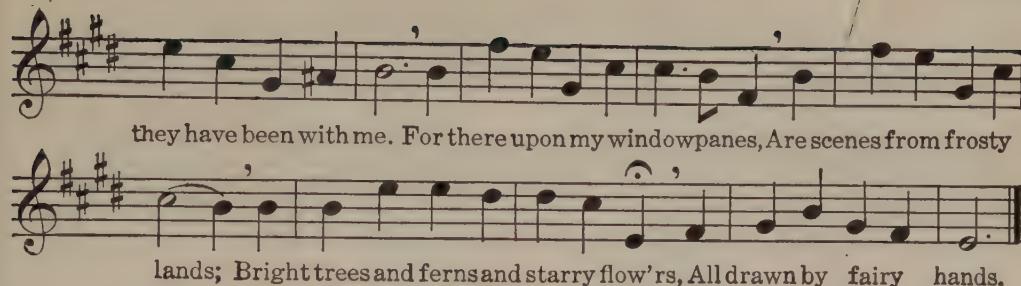
(T. M. II, p. 259)

W. Otto Miessner

*Composed for this Series*

*Sprightly*

On winter nights when I'm asleep, All snugly tuck'd in bed, Across my room the  
 fairies creep, And stand beside my head. Tho' not a footstep do I hear, Tho'  
 not a face I see, When morn-ing comes I know full well That



## Noel

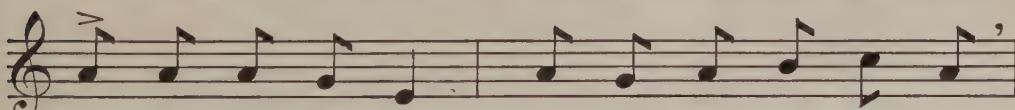
Seymour Barnard  
*From the French*

(T. M. II, p. 263)

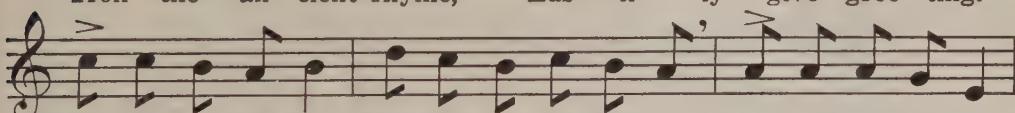
French Folk Song



1. Comes the glad No - el      With the fros - ty dawn-ing;  
 2. 'Tis a migh - ty bough      On the hearth we're fling - ing;  
 3. At this mer - ry time      Old and young are mee-ting;



Hark! a dis - tant bell!      Folk a - bed are yawn - ing.  
 Dead and dull till now,      Warmth and glad - ness bring - ing.  
 Troll the an - cient rhyme,      Lus - ti - ly give gree - ting.



Light the candles, thou, For the stars grow dimmer;      O - ver eastward now  
 Nim - ble feet and old Stamp the mer - ry measure;      Till the hearth is cold,  
 Till the stars a - gain No - el lights shall kindle,      And the candles wane,



Morning comes a-glimmer: Comes the glad No - el!      Comes the glad No - el!  
 Reigneth joy and pleasure: In the glad No - el!      In the glad No - el!  
 Flick-er, then, and dwindle, Speed the glad No - el!      Speed the glad No - el!

## The Brass Band

(T. M. II, p. 264)

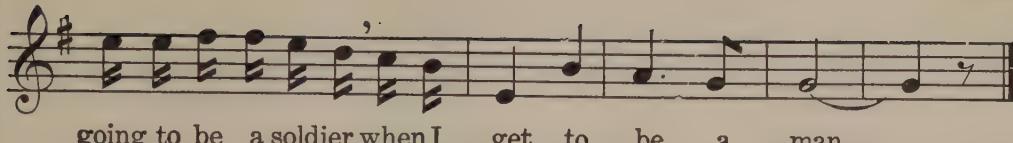
Charles Keeler

Henry Hadley

Composed for this Series

*f Merrily*

It makes me feel so fine and gay When drums are beat and bugles play; I think I'd like to be a king And rule the earth and ev'-ry-thing. The big bass drum Goes dum, dum, dum, The horns go tweedledee dee, And ev'-rytoot and ev'-ry beat Just catches hold of my two feet, And makes them run a-way with me. — And this is what I hear them say, As down the street they march a-way: — Te dum rat-ta dum rat-ta dum dum dee! Te dum rat-ta dum, Come shout with me. Tweedle, twee, twee, twee, twee-dle a-ny-thing you can, For I'm'

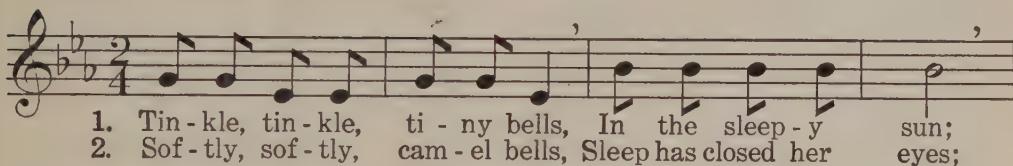


## Algerian Lullaby

Frederick G. Bowles

(T. M. II, p. 266)

Mary Root Kern



1. Tin-kle, tin-kle, ti-ny bells, In the sleep-y sun;  
2. Sof-tly, sof-tly, cam-el bells, Sleep has closed her eyes;

There is shelter by the wells For my lit-tle one. Underneath their Ba-by in her dreamland dwells Ere the daylight dies. And within the

drooping veils, Maidens pass you by; Day-light in - to twi-light pales; orange grove Drowsy birds sing low; Nev-er such a lit-tle love

Ba-by, do not sigh, And moth-er shall sing to you, A - roo, A - Did I ev-er know. And moth-er shall sing to you, A - roo, A -

roo! And moth-er shall sing to you, A - roo, A - roo!  
roo! And moth-er shall sing to you, A - roo, A - roo!

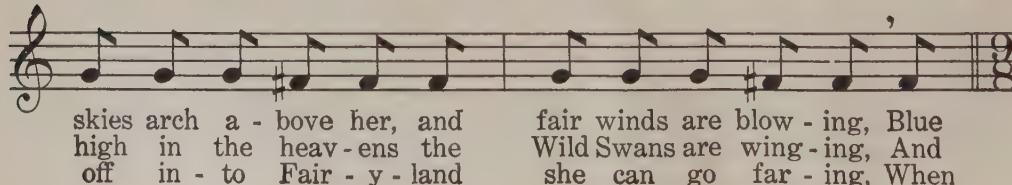
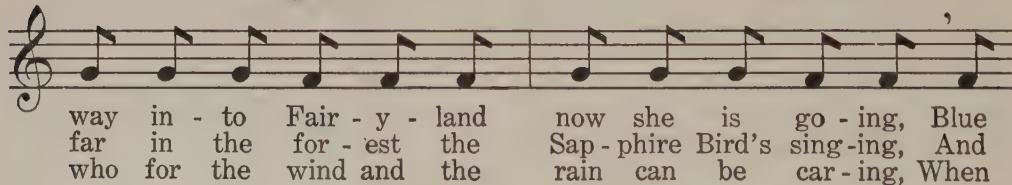
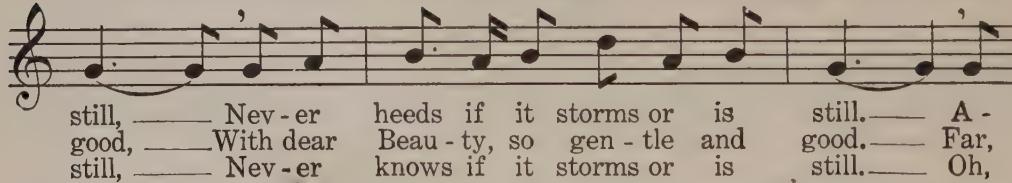
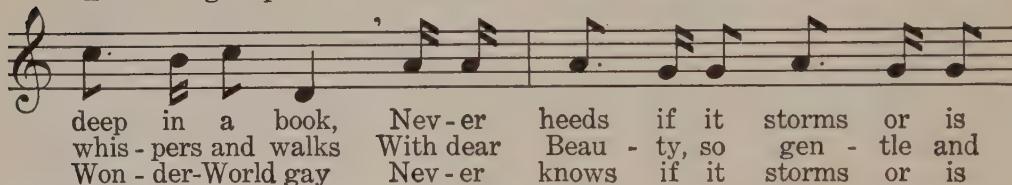
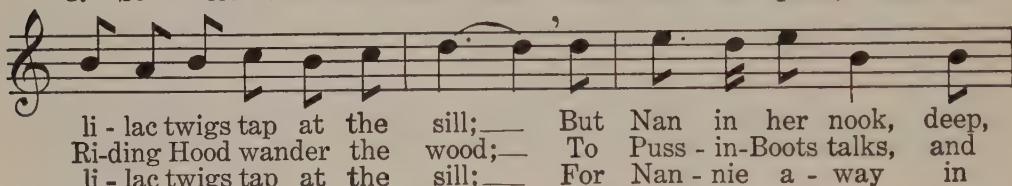
## Fairyland

Alice V. L. Carrick

(T. M. II, p. 268)

Fanny Snow Knowlton

Composed for this Series





skies arch a - bove her, and fair winds are  
high in the heav-ens the Wild Swans are  
off in - to Fair - y - land she can go

blow - ing.  
wing - ing.  
far - ing?

## A Snowy Day

Anna M. Pratt

(T. M. II, p. 272)

Gabriel Pierné  
Composed for this Series

1. Sing a song of snow - flakes, White and soft and cool;  
2. Sing a song of snow - flakes, Ro - sy cheeks and chins;  
3. Fol - low-ing the lead - er, On the chil - dren run;

Four and twen - ty lit - tle folk Run-ning home from school.  
When the snow-balls fly a-round, Mer - ry war be - gins.  
Plung-ing thro' the deep - est drifts, Fall - ing down in fun.

Frisk-ing, laugh-ing, shout - ing, All a - long their way - What a  
Frisk-ing, laugh-ing, shout - ing, Hap - py chil - dren play; What a  
Frisk-ing, laugh-ing, shout - ing, All a - long their way - What a

jol - ly time they have On a snow - y day!  
jol - ly time they have On a snow - y day!  
jol - ly time they have On a snow - y day!

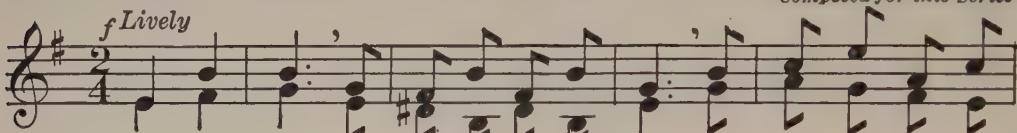
## The Month of March

From *The Youth's Companion*

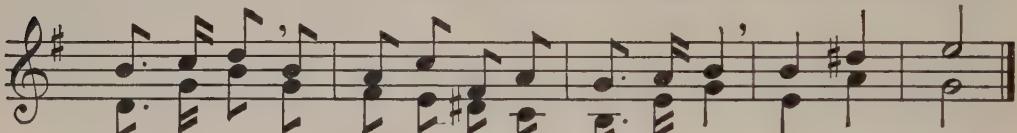
(T. M. II, p. 267)

Horatio Parker

Composed for this Series



1. Play, wind, play! It is a cold March day, But there is sun-shine
2. Blow, wind, blow! Tho' hats a-roll-ing go; For we don't mind if
3. Race, wind, race! Give us a mer-ry chase All hel-ter-skel-ter
4. Sing, wind, sing! And make the branches swing, And choose your ve-ry

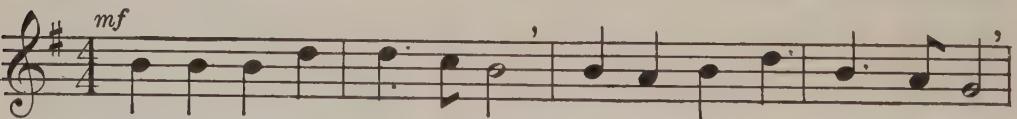


all a-bout, And troops of children now run out. Play, wind, play!  
 you are bold, And sting our cheeks and ears with cold. Blow, wind, blow!  
 down the street; Ho! you're a playmate strong and fleet. Race, wind, race!  
 gay-est tune, We'll dance to it this af-ter-noon. Sing, wind, sing!

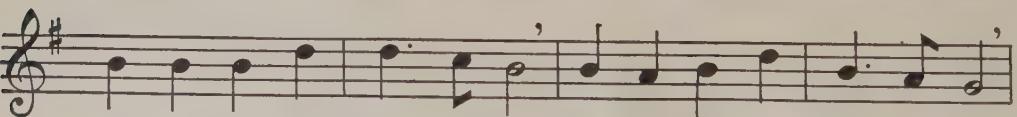
## From the Starry Heavens High

Elizabeth E. Foulke

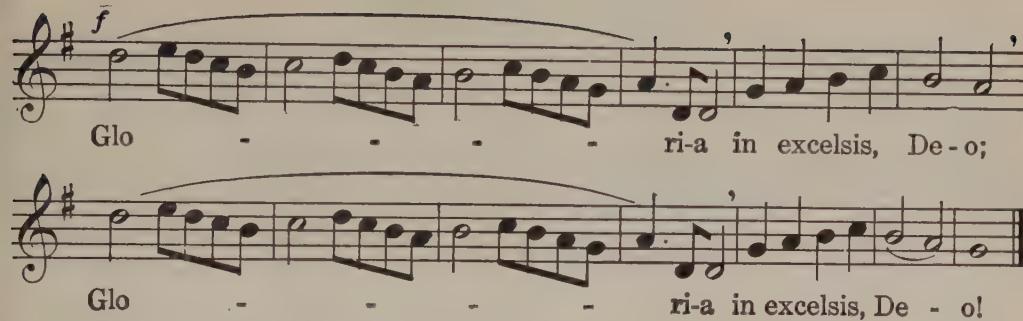
French Christmas Song



1. From the star-ry heav-ens high, Strains of joy ex - ul - tant ring;
2. Shepherds, mute with ho - ly joy, List the mes-sage from a - bove;
3. Haste, oh haste, the ti-dings bear Far and wide till stri-vings cease;



And the hills of earth re-ply, All their mu-sic ech - o - ing.  
 Peace on earth with-out al-loy, Now be-gins the reign of love.  
 Till the na-tions ev - 'ry-where Join the song, "Good will and peace."



## What Becomes of the Moon

George Reiter Brill

(T. M. II, p. 270)

W. Otto Miessner

*Composed for this Series*

When nights are ve - ry, ve - ry dark, And Mister Moon has gone a -  
way, I wonder what becomes of him, And where he goes to stay.  
I think they cut the old moon up When-ever he becomes too  
dim; They cut him in - to lit - tle bits And  
make the stars of him, And make the stars of him. —

## Christmas Carol

From *Cradle Songs*

(T. M. II, p. 273)

Felix Borowski  
Composed for this Series

God bless the master of this house, The mistress al-so, And all the little



children, That round the ta-ble go; And all your kin and kinsmen, That



dwell both far and near. I wish you a merry Christmas And a happy New Year.

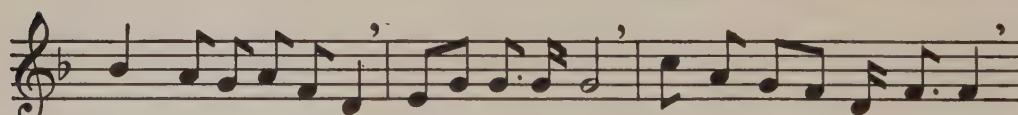
## Auld Daddy Darkness

James Ferguson

(T. M. II, p. 274)

Nellie Poorman  
Composed for this Series

Auld Dad - dy Dark - ness Creeps frae his hole,



Black as a blackamoor, Blin' as a mole. Stir the fire till it lowes,



Let the bairnie sit. Auld Daddy Dark-ness Is no wan - tit yit.

# After Vacation

From *The Youth's Companion*

(T. M. II, p. 274)

Arthur Hinton

Composed for this Series

*f*

1. What a pleasant sound is that! Pit - a - pat, pit - a - pat,  
 2. Listen! now the school bells ring! Ting - a - ling, ting - a - ling,

Pit - a - pat, a - pat, a - pat. Lit - tle folk are skip - ping by;  
 Ting - a - ling - a - ling - a - ling. "Come," they say, "Va - ca - tion's done;

*dim. e rit.* *a tempo* *cresc.* *f*

Don't you know the rea - son why? Don't you know the rea - son why?  
 Play is o - ver, work's be - gun, Play is o - ver, work's be - gun."

*pp*

Pit - a - pat, pit - a - pat, Pit - a - pit - a - pit - a - pat;  
 Ting - a - ling, ting - a - ling, Ting - a - ling - a - ling - a - ling;

Pit - a - pat, pit - a - pat, Pit - a - pit - a - pit - a - pat;  
 Ting - a - ling, ting - a - ling, Ting - a - ling - a - ling - a - ling;

*ff*

Pit - a - pat, pit - a - pat, Pit - a - pit - a - pit - a - pat;  
 Ting - a - ling, ting - a - ling, Ting - a - ling - a - ling - a - ling;

Pit - a - pat, pit - a - pat, Pit - a - pit - a - pat.  
 Ting - a - ling, ting - a - ling, Ting - a - ling - a - ling.

## The Train

(T. M. II, p. 276)

Ann Underhill

Kún László



1. Nearer, nearer, clearer, clearer, How the rails hum! Bumping, bumping,  
 2. Whistles blowing, we are going Forward at last! Hors - es, peo-ple,



thumping, thumping, Hear the train come! { Onward with a rush and cry,  
 church and steeple, Slow-ly glide past. { Hur-ry, scur-ry, do not wait!  
 Now we start on.  
 Like a mov-ing picture show,



Now the en - gine clat - ters by. Let us get on.  
 If you stop you'll be too late. Now we start on.  
 Fas - ter, fas - ter now we go! Ev - er - more on.  
 All the world is spread be - low, As we go on.

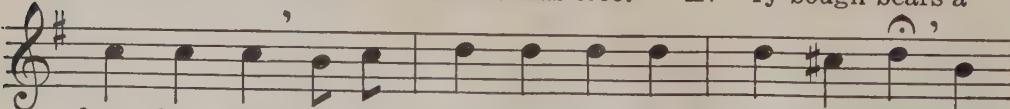
## Gather Around the Christmas Tree

(T. M. II, p. 277)

Old Carol



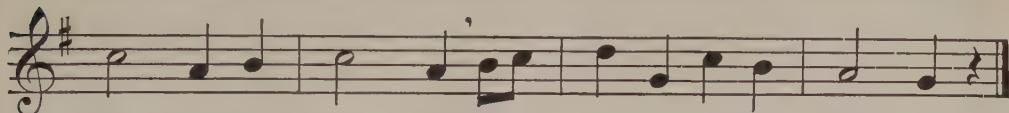
1. Gath - er a-round the Christ-mas tree! Ev - er-green have its  
 2. Gath - er a-round the Christ-mas tree! Ev - 'ry bough bears a



bran-ches been; It is king of all the wood-land scene. The  
 bur - den now; They are gifts of love for us, we trow. A



Child is born His love to show, And give good gifts to men be-low. Ho-



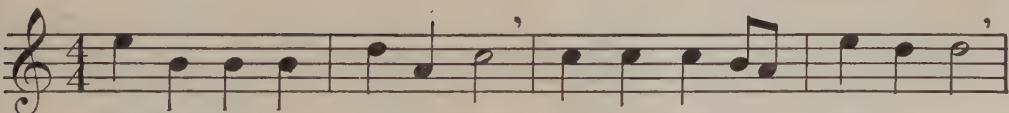
san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na in the high - est!

## Little Birdie

Alfred Tennyson

(T. M. II, p. 280)

Frederick Delius  
*Composed for this Series*



1. What does lit - tle bird-ie say In her nest at peep of day?  
2. What does lit - tle Ba - by say In her bed at peep of day?



"Let me fly," says lit - tle bird - ie; "Moth-er, let me fly a-way."  
Ba - by says, like lit - tle bird - ie; "Let me rise and fly a-way."



"Bird-ie rest a lit - tle longer, Till the lit - tle wings grow stronger.  
"Ba - by sleep a lit - tle longer, Till the lit - tle limbs are stronger;



So she rests a lit - tle longer, Then she flies, she flies a-way.  
If she sleeps a lit - tle longer, Ba - by, too, shall fly a-way."

## Two Kinds of People

Frank Walcott Hutt

(T. M. II, p. 278)

Myles B. Foster

Composed for this Series

*mp Lazily*

Tar-ry-a-while is a heedless place, Tarry-a-while is a la-zy  
 town. No-bo-dy there ev-er ran a race, No-bo-dy there ev-er  
 won — renown.— You may go ma-ny a wea-ry mile  
 Ere you may meet with a friend-ly smile. Up-and-about is a  
 bu-sy town, Bu-si-est place in the bu-sy land; Ev'-ry-one  
 there hurries up and down, Plenty a-do-ing on ev-'ry  
 hand.— Plenty of kindness and smilest to share; Frowns never worry the  
 people there, Frowns never wor-ry the peo-ple there.

*f Brightly*

*dim.*

*p*

*cresc.*, *f*

*ff rit.*

# In Story Land

May Morgan

(T. M. II, p. 282)

Henry Clough-Leighter  
*Composed for this Series*

I like to sit be - fore the fire, All curl'd up in a  
 chair, — And wish my-self in Sto-ry Land, For right a-way I'm  
 there! — I roam the wood with Rob-in Hood, Or  
 tilt with I - van - hoe; — Or may - be hunt a  
 bear or two With Fri - day and Cru - soe;  
 Or fight with pi - rates, black and bold, Up -  
 on the Span - ish main, — Till  
 bed-time comes, and I am told To hur-ry home a - gain!

## Devotion

(T. M. II, p. 281)

Abbie Farwell Brown

Florence Newell Barbour

Composed for this Series

1. How fast you grow, dear little Rose! What is it that you seek? "I
2. How fast you grow, dear Buttercup! What do you long to win? "I
3. How fast you grow, sweet Cloverstalk! And why a - tip-toe stand? "When

hope to reach and kiss, — who knows? — The Ba-by's dim-pled cheek."  
 hope to hold my pet - als up And gild the Ba-by's chin."  
 Ba - by takes his morn - ing walk, I hope to touch his hand."

## Easter Rabbit

Mary Root Kern

(T. M. II, p. 281)

Mary Root Kern

1. Eas - ter Rab-bit, wake, O wake! Leave your home with - in the brake.
2. Eas - ter Rab-bit, sit upright; Lift your ears, so long and white.

Dark the for - est is and lonely, Fit for winter dream-ing on - ly.  
 Eas - ter chimes are clearly ringing, Easter voic-es swee-ly singing.

See! the sun is shining clear; Wake and hasten, Rabbit dear!  
 Bring the eggs, all red and blue; Ma-ny children wait for you! —

# October's Party

George Cooper

(T. M. II, p. 284)

Horatio Parker

Composed for this Series

*Fast*

1. Oc - to - ber gave a par - ty, The leaves by hundreds came; The  
 2. The Chestnuts came in yel - low, The Oaks in crimson dressed; The  
 3. Then in the sha - dy hol - lows, At hide-and-seek they played; The

Chestnuts, Oaks, and Maples, And leaves by ev - 'ry name; The  
 love - ly Miss-es Ma - ple In scar - let look'd their best. All  
 par - ty closed at sun-down, But ev - 'ry - bo - dy stayed. Pro -

sunshine spread a car - pet, And ev - 'ry - thing was grand; Miss  
 balanced to their partners, And gay - ly flut - tered by; The  
 fes - sor Wind play'd louder; They flew a - long the ground, And

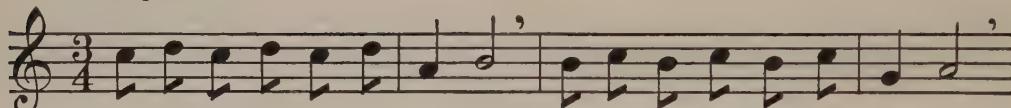
Weath - er led the danc - ing, Pro - fes - sor Wind, the band.  
 sight was like a rain - bow, New - fal - len from the sky.  
 then the par - ty end - ed With jol - ly "Hands all round."

## A Trip to the Moon

Julia W. Bingham  
From the Spanish

(T. M. II, p. 284)

Josephine R. de Elias



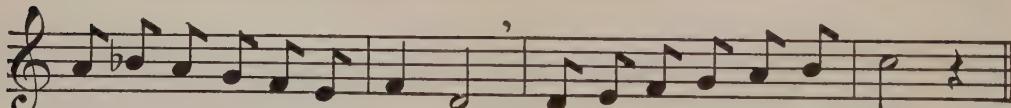
1. Like a gi-ant bird a-wing-ing, Lightly down from cloud-land swinging,  
 2. Thro' the realm of sun-lit shad-ows, Thro' the shining star-ry meadows,



Sails my kite, tow'rd heaven stray-ing, Rest-less on its teth-er sway-ing.  
 Thro' the dimness of the dawn-ing, Thro' the brightness of the morn-ing,



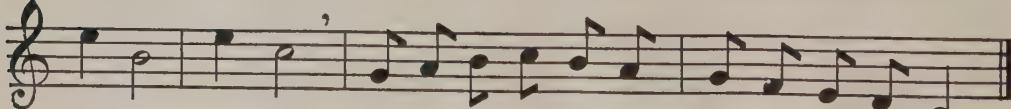
When at night no one is wak-ing, Earthly ties for-ev-er break-ing,  
 Ev-er with my kite as-cend-ing, Stillness in-to still-ness blend-ing,



With my kite the world for-sak-ing, I shall sail up to the moon.  
 Till, thro' silence nev-er end-ing, I have reach'd the silver moon.



Sail-ing, sail-ing; Up to the moon, up to the moon;  
 Sail-ing, sail-ing, Up in the moon, up in the moon;



Sail-ing, sail-ing, Ev-er onward, upward sail-ing to the moon.  
 Sail-ing, sail-ing, Si-len-tly and safe-ly in the sil-ver moon.

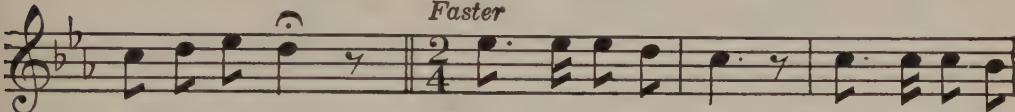
# What Professor Owl Knows

George Macdonald

(T. M. II, p. 286)

G. A. Grant-Schaefer  
*Composed for this Series**Moderately slow*

No-bo-dy knows the world like me. The rest go to bed, I

*Faster*

sit up to see. I can see the wind; Now can you do

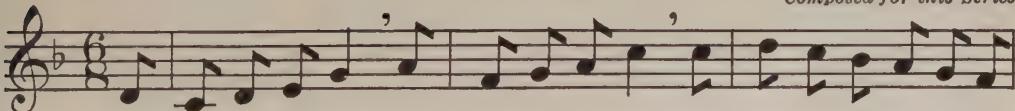


that? I can see the dreams he car-ries in his hat.

# A Penny to Spend

Old English Song

(T. M. II, p. 286)

W. Otto Miessner  
*Composed for this Series*

A penny to spend! a penny to spend! A penny will buy jol-ly



things without end. But oh!— but oh!— the ve-ry worst thing of



a-ny— Is to know what to buy— with on - ly a pen-ny!—

## Boy Scouts

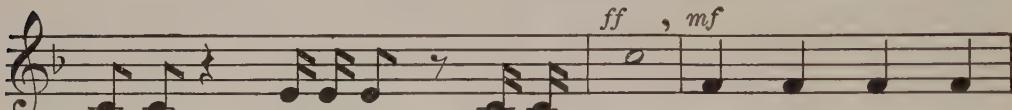
(T. M. II, p. 288)

M. Louise Baum

Catharina van Rennes



1. Hark! tan-ta - ra! 'Tis the trumpet that calls to the march! At-  
 2. Hark! tan-ta - ra! 'Tis the trumpet that calls to the charge! At-



ten-tion! Company, For-ward march! Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,  
 ten-tion! Company, For-ward march! Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,



scouts are marching, How the flags and pen-nants fly! Clap, clap, clap, clap,  
 stead - y, stead - y, Up-ward still the ban-ner goes! O-ver rocks now



girls are cheering, They will join the camp by and by. Dr - r - r - r -  
 leap and scramble, Who'll be first up? No - bo - dy knows. Dr - r - r - r -



rum! Dr - r - r - r - rum! 'Tis the drum - mer! Too - tle  
 rum! Dr - r - r - r - rum! 'Tis the drum - mer! Too - tle



tee - a - tee! 'Tis the fife — that — shrills its —  
 tee - a - tee! 'Tis the fife — that — shrills its —

an - swer. Shoulders back and eyes straight a - head, Fast they  
 an - swer. Till they reach the top with a shout, Storm the

fol - low where they are led, Past the wood where the heights rise a -  
 old hill's sto - ny re - doubt, Plant the flag high o'er cliff and o'er

*f* far, Dou - ble quick, now, with hip, hip - hip - hur - rah!  
 scar, While they cheer it with hip, hip - hip - hur - rah!

## The Fairy Folk

William Allingham

(T. M. II, p. 290)

Jessie L. Gaynor

Composed for this Series

*Lightly and Fast*

1. Up the air - y moun - tain, Down the rush - y glen, We  
 2. Down a-long the rock-y shore Some make their home; They

dare not go a - hun-ting For fear of lit-tle men. Wee folk, good folk,  
 live on crispy pancakes Of yellow tide - foam; Some in the reeds Of the

Troop-ing all to - gether; Green jacket, red cap, And white owl's feather.  
 black mountain lake, With frogs for their watchdogs, All night awake.

## The Three Kings

Abbie Farwell Brown  
From the French

(T. M. II, p. 291)

Old French Song

*f*

1. Yes - ter - day I met up - on the way The three great  
2. Christmas Day They went up - on their way, The three great

Kings who came from for - eign re - gions. Yes - ter -  
Kings with all the pre - cious treas - ure. Christ - mas

day I met up - on the way The three great  
Day They went up - on their way To seek a

Kings in all their fine ar - ray. With chests of gold and of gifts un -  
Ba - by ly - ing in the hay. The one a black King, and one was

told, Then came the hosts of the marching, migh - ty  
brown, Who came so far for a lit - tle Ba - by's

le - gions; With chests of gold and of gifts un -  
pleas - ure; And one was white with a gol - den

told, The three great Kings in all their fine ar - ray!  
crown, The three great Kings so gal - lant and so gay!

# Wishing and Working

Anna M. Pratt

*Gayly*

(T. M. II, p. 292)

Rudolph Ganz

Composed for this Series

## Rock-a-bye, Lullaby

Josiah Gilbert Holland

(T. M. II, p. 294)

W. Otto Miessner

Composed for this Series

*p Drowsily*

1. Rock-a-bye, lul - la - by, bees on the clover! Croon-ing so drow - si - ly,
2. Rock-a-bye, lul - la - by, rain on the clover! Tears on the eye-lids that
3. Rock-a-bye, lul - la - by, dew on the clover! Dew on the eyes that will

cry - ing so low! — Rock-a-bye, lul - la - by, dear lit - tle ro - ver!  
 struggle and weep! — Rock-a-bye, lul - la - by, bend-ing it o - ver!  
 spar - kle at dawn! — Rock-a-bye, lul - la - by, dear lit - tle ro - ver!

Down in - to won - der - land, Down to the un - der-land,  
 Down on the moth - er-world, Down on the oth - er world!  
 In - to the stil - ly world, In - to the li - ly world,

*Faster*

Go, oh,	go!	Go, oh,	go!
Sleep, oh,	sleep!	Sleep, oh,	sleep!
Gone! oh,	gone!	Gone! oh,	gone!

*As at first*

Down in - to won - der - land	go!	Go, oh,	go!
Down on the moth - er-world	sleep!	Sleep, oh,	sleep!
In - to the li - ly world	gone!	Gone, oh,	gone!

# The Blacksmith

Virginia Baker

(T. M. II, p. 296)

John E. West

Composed for this Series

1. The black-smith in the smith-y stands, The fire is blaz-ing  
 2. Right well the black-smith knows his trade, He'll make a tool for

bright; He lifts the great sledge in his hands, And strikes with all his  
 you; And if your horse should need his aid He'll give each foot a

might. Oh, mer - ri - ly the rud - dy sparks Like el - fineyes wink,  
 shoe. All day the flames so gay - ly dance, All day thered sparks

wink; The blacksmith's arm goes up and down, — The  
 blink; The blacksmith's arm goes up and down, — The

hammer goes — chink - chink! Chink-chink-a-chink,

chink-chink-a-chink; The hammer goes — chink - chink!

## The Orchestra

Florence C. Fox

(T. M. II, p. 298)

Peter Christian Lutkin

Composed for this Series

With animation  
Altos

Bum, bum, goes the drum, And a hi - did - dle-did-dle goes the  
*cresc. poco a poco*

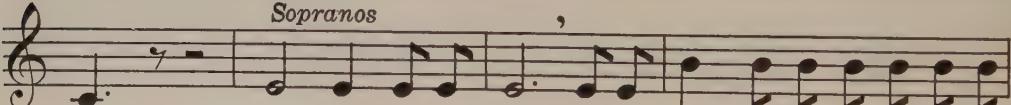


fid-dle; With a hi - did-dle-did-dle-did-dle-did-dle-did-dle dum Go the



fid-dle, fid-dle, fid-dle, and the big bass drum, Go the fiddle and the big bass

Sopranos



drum. Toot, toot, goes the flute, And a hi - did-dle-did-dle goes the

*cresc. poco a poco*

fid - dle; With a hi - did - dle - did - dle - did - dle



did - dle - did - dle-did - dle And a too - tle - too - tle - too - tle - too - tle -



too - tle - too - tle - too - tle, Go the fid-dle and the flute and the drum.

### *Sopranos and Altos*

A musical score for a single line of a song. It features a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are: "Tone, tone, goes the big trom-bone, And a hi-did-dle-did-dle goes the". The score is set on a five-line staff.

## *Sopranos*

The image shows the first ten measures of a musical score. The top line is labeled "Sopranos" and the bottom line is labeled "Alto". Both parts are written in common time with a treble clef. The Sopranos part consists of eighth-note patterns: measures 1-2 are eighth-note pairs, measures 3-4 are eighth-note triplets, measures 5-6 are eighth-note pairs, measures 7-8 are eighth-note triplets, and measures 9-10 are eighth-note pairs. The Alto part consists of eighth-note patterns: measures 1-2 are eighth-note triplets, measures 3-4 are eighth-note pairs, measures 5-6 are eighth-note triplets, measures 7-8 are eighth-note pairs, and measures 9-10 are eighth-note triplets. The vocal parts are separated by a vertical bar line at the end of measure 5.

## Altos

Bum, . . . bum, goes the big bass drum;

A musical score for 'The Star-Spangled Banner' is shown. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a dynamic marking of ff (fortissimo). The melody consists of a series of eighth-note pairs and quarter notes, starting on the second line of the staff.

too - tle - too - tle - too - tle - too - tle - too - tle, Go the

## Tone, *Unison*

Tone, Unison

tone, goes the big trom - bone; The

> > > , > > > ,

Music staff: Treble clef, 4/4 time, key signature of C major. The piano accompaniment consists of eighth-note chords in the right hand and sixteenth-note patterns in the left hand.

fid-dle and the big bass drum; Go the fiddle and the big bass drum. With a

tone and a toot and a tum, tum, tum, Go the fiddle and the flute and the big bass drum.

## The Little Big Woman and the Big Little Girl

Mary Mapes Dodge

(T. M. II, p. 301)

Reginald de Koven  
Composed for this Series

1. A lit - tle big wom-an and a big lit - tle girl, They  
 2. "We must eat," said the lit - tle big wom-an, "Why not?" "Why

mer - ri - ly danced all the day. The  
 not?" said the big lit - tle girl. So when

wom - an de-clared she was too small to work, And the  
 sup - per time came, they sipp'd, they sipped as they skipped, And

girl said, "I'm too big to play." So they  
 swal - lowed their cake in a whirl. And they

merrily danced while the sun-light stay'd, And practiced their steps in the  
 merrily danced while the twi-light stay'd, And practiced their steps in the

eve - ning shade, So they mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly,  
 eve - ning shade, So they mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly,

mer - ri - ly danced in the eve - ning shade.  
 mer - ri - ly danced in the eve - ning shade.

# Sandman

Alice V. L. Carrick

(T. M. II, p. 302)

W. Otto Miessner

Composed for this Series

1. Sand - man, Sand - man, Come from Drow - sy Land, Man!  
 2. Sand - man, Sand - man, Call your nod - ding band, Man!  
 3. Sand - man, Sand - man, Take them by the hand, Man!

Where the skies are red and gold, Where the pop - py buds un - fold,  
 All the lit - tle chil - dren are Wait - ing for you near and far;  
 Carry them where dreams are free, Where they've wish'd all day to be,

And the bub - ble moon floats high, and fair - y tales are told.  
 Wait - ing just for you to come and light the Sleep - y Star,  
 As they sail and sail to - night a - round the Slum - ber Sea.

rit.      dim.      , 1 & 2      3

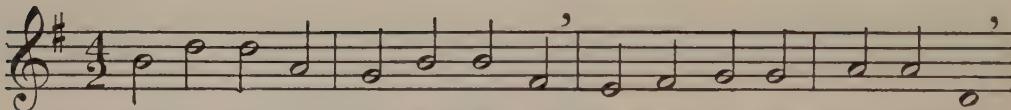
Sand - man, Sand - man, Sand - man!  
 Sand - man, Sand - man, Sand - man!  
 Sand - man, Sand - man, Sand - man! —

# Children's Hymn

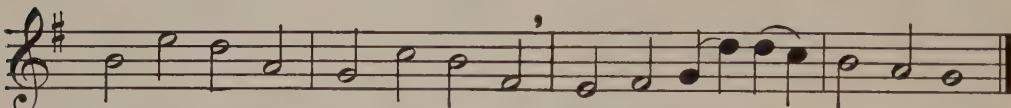
(T. M. II, p. 304)

Mrs. M. L. Duncan

Horatio Parker



1. Father, ten-der shepherd, hear me; Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to-night;
2. All this day Thy hand has led me; And I thank Thee for Thy care;
3. Let my sins be all for - giv - en; Bless the friends I love so well;



Through the darkness be Thou near me; Keep me safe till morning light.  
 Thou hast warm'd me, cloth'd and fed me; Lis - ten to my evening pray'r.  
 Take us all at last to heav-en; Hap - py there with Thee to dwell.

# Portuguese Hymn (ADESTE FIDELES)

James Montgomery

(T. M. II, p. 306)

John Reading(?)



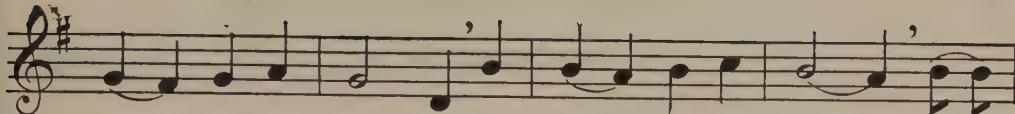
1. The Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know;— I
2. Let good-ness and mer - cy, my boun - ti - ful - God, — Still



feed in green pas - tures, safe fol - ded I rest; He  
 fol - low my steps till I meet Thee a - bove. I



lead - eth my soul where the still wa-ters flow; Re -  
 seek, by the path which my fore - fa-thers trod, Thro' the



stores me when wan-d'ring, re - deems when op - pressed; Re -  
land of their so - journ, Thy King - dom of love; Thro' the



stores me when wan-d'ring, re - deems when op - pressed.  
land of their so - journ, Thy King - dom of love.

## Oh, Worship the King

Robert Grant

(T. M. II, p. 304)

Franz Joseph Haydn



1. Oh, worship the King, all glorious a - bove; And grate-ful - ly
2. Oh, tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
3. Thy boun-ti - ful carewhat tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the



sing His won - der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fen - der, the  
light, Whose can - o - py, space; His char - iots of wrath the deep  
air, it shines in the light; It streams from the hills, it de -

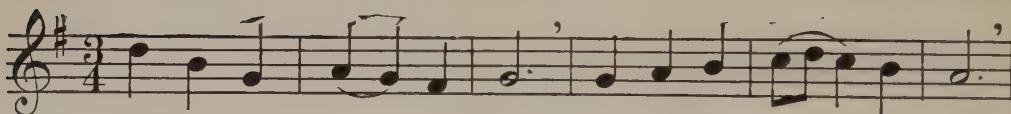


Ancient of days, Pa - vil - ioned in splendor, and gir - ded with praise.  
thunderclouds form; And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.  
scends to the plain, And sweetly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.

# Come, Thou Almighty King

(T. M. II, p. 305)

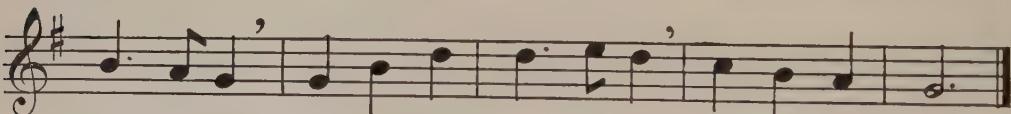
F. de Giardini



1. Come, Thou Al - migh - ty King! Help us Thy name to sing;
2. Come, Thou All - gra - cious Lord, Byheav'n and earth a - dored!
3. Nev - er from us de - part; Rule Thou in ev - 'ry heart,



Help us to praise! Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -  
 Our prayer at - tend! Come, and Thy chil - dren bless; Give Thy good  
 Hence ev - er - more. Thy sov'reign maj - es - ty May we in



to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, Ancient of days!  
 word suc - cess; Make Thine own ho - li - ness, On us de - scend.  
 glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

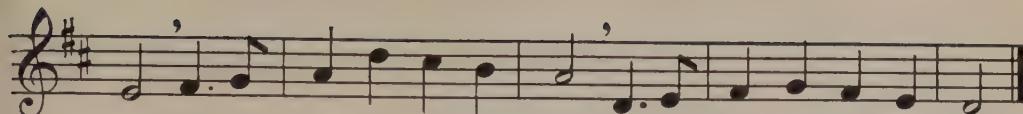
# All That's Good and Great

Godfrey Thring

(T. M. II, p. 307)



1. All that's good and great and true, All that is and is to
2. Not a bird that does not sing Sweetest prais-es to Thy
3. Far and near, o'er land and sea, Mountain top and wood-ed
4. May we all with songs of praise, Whilst on earth, Thy name a -



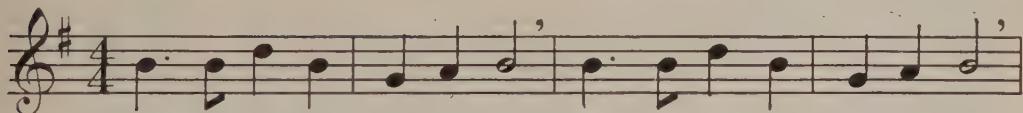
be, Be it old or be it new, Comes, O Father, comes from Thee.  
 name; Not an in-sect on the wing But Thy wonders doth pro-claim.  
 dell, All in singing, sing of Thee, Songs of love in - ef - fa - ble.  
 dore, Till with angel choirs we raise Songs of praise for - ev - er - more.

## The Joy of Harvest

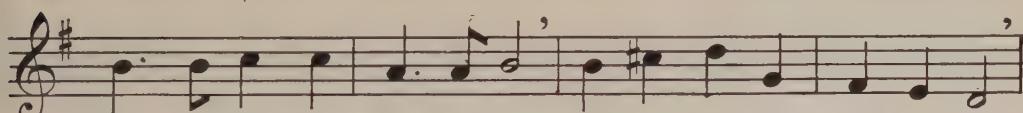
(T. M. II, p. 303)

Henry Alford

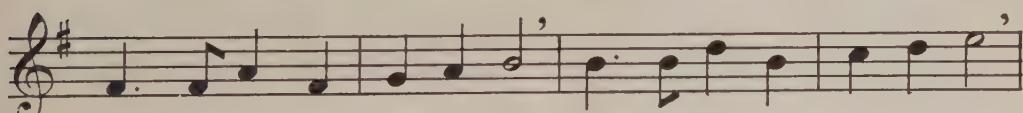
George J. Elvey



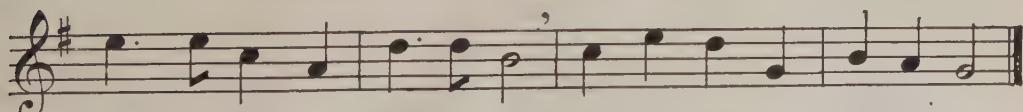
1. Come, ye thankful peo-ple, come; Raise the song of har-vest home;
2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit un - to His praise to yield;



All is safe - ly gathered in Ere the win - ter storms be - gin.  
 Wheat and tares to - geth - er sown, Un - to joy or sor - row grown.



God, our Mak - er, doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied;  
 First the blade and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap - pear;



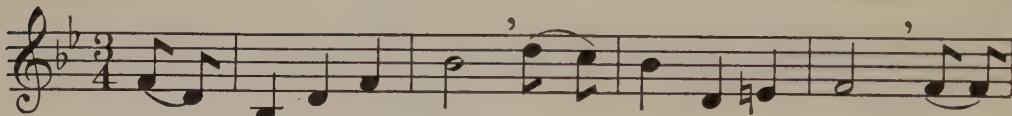
Come to God's own tem - ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest home.  
 Lord of har - vest, grant that we Wholesome grain and pure may be.

# The Star-Spangled Banner

(T. M. II, p. 308)

Francis Scott Key

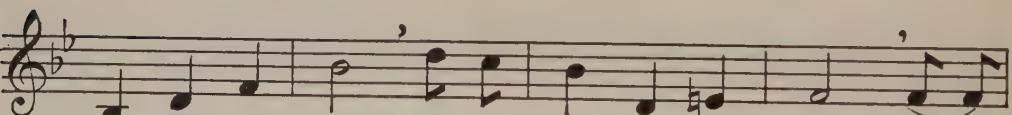
John Stafford Smith



1. Oh, — say, can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so
2. On the shore, dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the
3. And where is that band, who so vaun-ting - ly swore That the
4. Oh, — thus be it e'er when free-men shall stand Be -

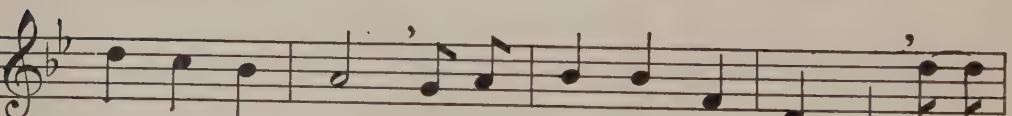


proud-ly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad  
 foe's haugh-ty host in dread si-lence re - pos - es, What is  
 hav - oc of war and the bat-tle's con - fu - sion A —  
 tween their loved homes and the war's des - o - la - tion! Blest with



stripes and bright stars, thro' the per - il - ous  
 that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing  
 home and a coun - try should leave us no  
 vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n-res-cued

fight, O'er the  
 steep, As it  
 more? Their  
 land Praise the



ram-parts we watched, were so gal - lan - tly streaming? And the  
 fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it  
 blood has washed out their foul foot-steps' pol - lu - tion. No —  
 Pow'r that has made and pre-served us a na - tion! Then



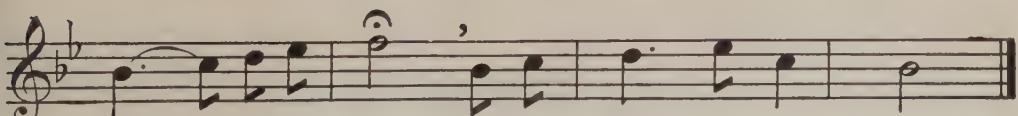
rock-ets' red glare, the bombs burs-ting in air, Gave  
 catch-es the gleam of the morn-ing's first beam, In full  
 ref-uge could save the \_\_\_\_ hire-ling and slave From the  
 con-quer we must when our cause it is just; And



proof thro' the night \_\_\_\_ that our flag was still there. Oh,—  
 glo - ry re - flec - ted now \_\_\_\_ shines on the stream.'Tis the  
 ter - ror of flight \_\_\_\_ or the gloom of the grave. And the  
 this be our mot - to: "In \_\_\_\_ God is our trust!" And the



say, does that star-span-gled ban - ner yet wave O'er the  
 star - span - gled ban-ner, oh, long may it wave O'er the  
 star - span - gled ban-ner in tri - umph doth wave O'er the  
 star - span - gled ban-ner in tri - umph shall wave O'er the



land \_\_\_\_ of the free and the home of the brave?  
 land \_\_\_\_ of the free and the home of the brave!  
 land \_\_\_\_ of the free and the home of the brave!  
 land \_\_\_\_ of the free and the home of the brave!

## America

Samuel F. Smith

(T. M. II, p. 310)

Henry Carey

A musical score for 'The Star-Spangled Banner' in G major, 3/4 time. The score consists of two staves of music. The top staff begins with a treble clef, a sharp sign indicating G major, and a '3' indicating 3/4 time. The bottom staff begins with a bass clef. The music consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth note patterns, with a fermata over the 11th measure and a repeat sign with a '2' over the 12th measure, indicating a repeat of the section.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,  
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,  
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees  
4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty.

A musical score for 'The Star-Spangled Banner' is shown on a single treble clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The melody begins with a dotted half note followed by a quarter note, then a half note, a quarter note, and a half note. The next measure starts with a quarter note, followed by a half note, a quarter note, and a half note. The staff ends with a quarter note and a half note.

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died,  
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills,  
Sweet Free-dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake,  
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright

Land of the Pilgrims' pride, From ev - 'ry -  
Thy woods and tem - pled hills; My heart with  
Let all that breathe par - take, Let rocks their  
With Free-dom's ho - ly light; Pro - tect us



moun - tain side	Let	free - dom	ring.
rap - ture thrills	Like	that a -	bove.
si - lence break,	The	sound pro -	long.
by Thy might,	Great	God, our	King.

PART FOUR: Additional Two-Part Songs

# Candles

Louise Ayres Garnett

A. Danhauser



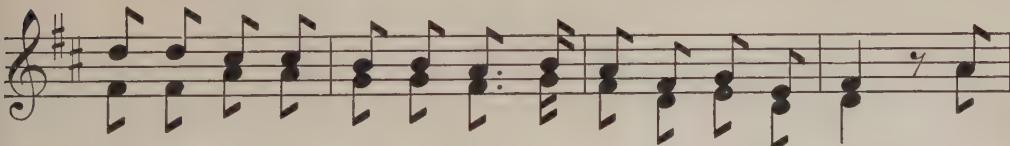
See the can - dles in the heav - ens, Sil - very white.



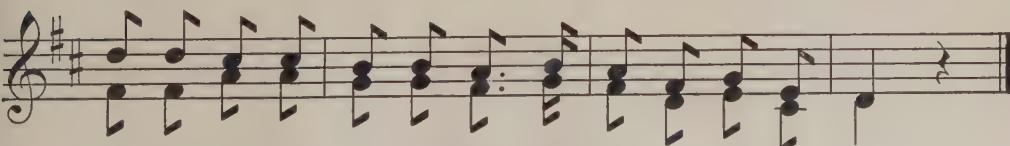
Who can light so ma - ny can - dles Ev - ery night?



Is the sky a Christmas Tree With gifts of shi - ning light, Up -



on whose boughs is hang - ing low An or - ange, round and bright? O



can - dles, can - dles in the sky, Who lights you ev - ery night?

## The Rivulet

Lucy Larcom

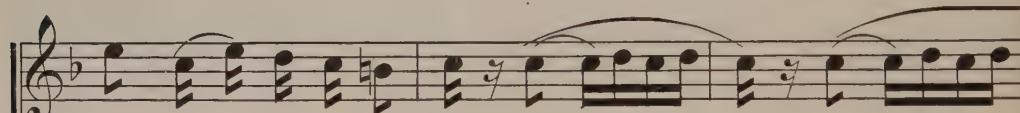
W. Otto Miessner



1. Run, lit-tle riv-u-let, run, lit-tle riv-u-let, Sum-mer is fair-ly be-  
 2. Run, lit-tle riv-u-let, run, lit-tle riv-u-let, Sing of the flowers, each  
 3. Run, lit-tle riv-u-let, run, lit-tle riv-u-let, Stay not till summer is



Run, run,



gun, is fair-ly be - gun. Ah! Ah!  
 one, of the flow-ers, each one. Ah! Ah!  
 done, till sum-mer is done. Ah! Ah!



Run, run, run! Ah!



Bear to the mead-ow the hymn of pines,  
 Sing of the hare-bell and vi - o - let blue,  
 Car - ry the cit - y the wild bird's glee,



Ah! Run, riv-u-let, run,

The ech-oes that ring where the wa-ter-fall shines,  
 Of red mountain rose - buds dripping with dew, { Run, lit-tle riv-u-let,  
 And car - ry the joy of the hills to the sea!

Run, riv-u - let, run, Run, run,

Run, run, lit-tle riv-u-let, run!

Run, lit-tle riv-u-let, run, lit-tle riv-u-let, run, riv-u - let, run!

## The Wind

Old English Song

1. When the wind is in the east, It's good for nei - ther  
 2. When the wind is in the west, The corn and clo - ver

man nor beast, It's good for nei - ther man nor the beast.  
 grow the best, The corn and clo - ver grow the best.

## In the Cottage Where We Dwell

English Folk Song

1. In the cot-tage where we dwell, We have led a peace-ful life;  
 2. Blest with life and blest with health, We de-sire no rich-er home;  
 3. All the sweets of wealth will pall; Honest hearts and li-ber-ty,

Ours are joys which none can tell, Who en-gage in anx-i-ous strife;  
 Nor to be the slaves of wealth, Do we ev-er wish to roam;  
 In our cot are with them all, Home is home where e'er it be.

Tho' but low-ly be our state Yet con-ten-ted with our lot We  
 en-vy not the proud and great, Hap-py in our hum-ble lot.

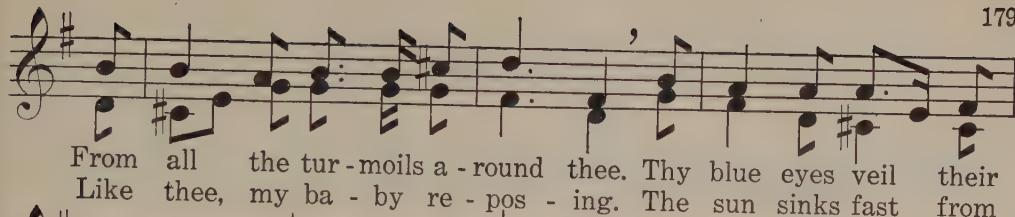
## Good-Night

*Poco Andante*

1. Good-night, good-night!  
 2. Good-night, good-night!

A ref-uge thou hast found thee,  
 The flow'rs their pet-als are clos-ing,

Franz Abt



light; Good-night, good-night, good-night, good-night!  
sight, Good-night, good-night, good-night, good-night!

## A Spring Song

Louise Ayres Garnett

W. A. Mozart

1. Dance this way and that way And bow deep and low,  
2. Sing this way and that way Till some of the notes

For Spring is your part-ner And gai-ly you go.  
Sail on-ward and up-ward Like run-a-way boats.

The trees make the mu-sic, The grass paints the floor  
Su-preme-ly they'll ven-ture A-way and a-far

Where Win-ter left o-open The mag-i-cal door.  
Un-till a safe har-bor They find in a star.

## The Wassail Song

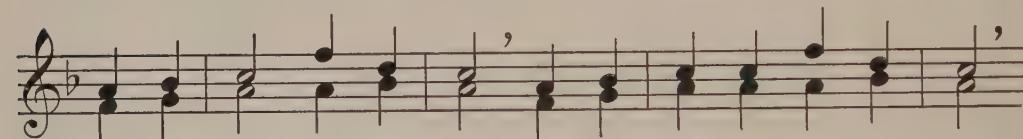
Ancient English Song



1. ♫ Here we come a - was-sail-ing A - mong the leaves so green.
2. We are not dai-ly beg - gars That beg from door to door,
3. God bless the mas-ter of this house Like-wise the mis-tress, too,



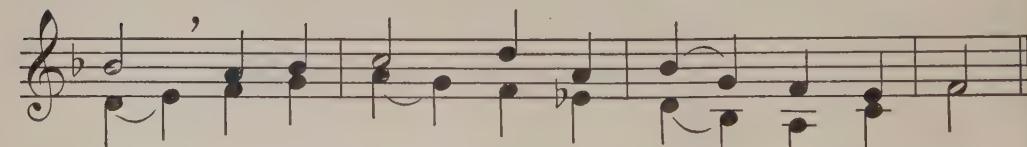
♪ Here we come a - wan-der-ing, So fair\_\_\_\_ to be seen.  
 But we are neigh-bors' chil - dren Whom you have seen be - fore.  
 And all the lit - tle chil - dren That round the ta - ble go.



Love and joy come to you, And to you your was-sail, too,



And God bless you, and send you a hap - - py new-



year, And God send you a hap - - py new - year.

## My Heart's in the Highlands

Robert Burns

Scotch Folk Song



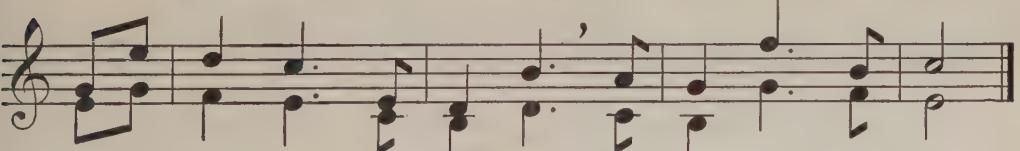
1. My heart's in the High-lands, my heart is not here;  
 2. Fare - well to the High-lands, fare well to the North,  
 3. Fare - well to the moun-tains, high cov-ered with snow;  
 4. My heart's in the High lands, my heart is not here;



My heart's in the High-lands, a - chas - ing the deer,  
 The birth - place of val - or the coun - try of worth;  
 Fare - well to the straths and green val - leys be - low;  
 My heart's in the High-lands, a - chas - ing the deer,



A - chas - ing the wild deer and foll - wing the roe,  
 Wher - ev - er I wan - der, wher - ev - er I rove,  
 Fare - well to the for - ests and wild hang - ing woods;  
 A - chas - ing the wild deer and foll - wing the roe,



My heart's in the High-lands wher - ev - er I go.  
 The hills of the High-lands for - ev - er I love.  
 Fare - well to the tor - rents and loud-pour - ing floods.  
 My heart's in the High-lands wher - ev - er I go.

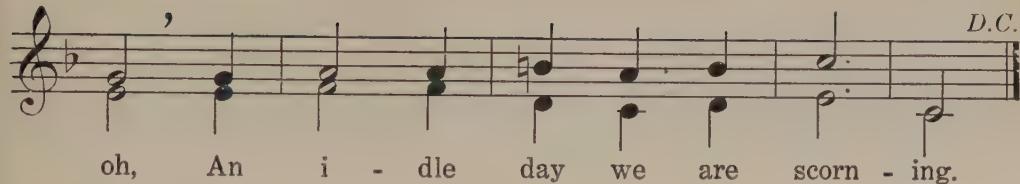
## With Scythe and Sickle

Florence C. Fox

Peter Christian Lutkin  
Composed for this Series

With scythe and sick - le, with rake and hoe,  
 March-ing a - way to the fields we go, There's James  
 and Hen-ry, and John and Joe, At five o' - clock in the  
 morn - ing, oh, At five o' - clock in the morn - ing. Fine

Swing low with scythe and sick - le, swing low, We bend to the  
 rake, and we bend to the hoe. Then home-ward turn when the  
 sun is low, For an i - dle day we are scorn - ing,



## Love Breathes Its Blessing

Louise Ayres Garnett

Twelfth Century Melody

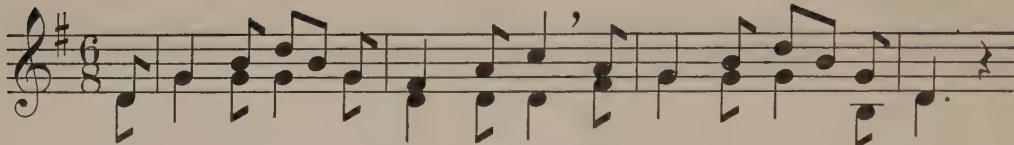
1. Love breathes its blessing in the winds of morn - ing,  
2. Love breathes its blessing in the peace of night - fall,

Glad sing the birds and we.  
Hushed are the birds and we.

Treas - ure of sun - light earth is a - dorn - ing.  
Gent - ly the wild swan ut - ters his night - call.

O God, we lift our songs to Thee!  
O God, we rest our pray'rs to in Thee!

## The Mowers' Song



1. When ear - ly morn-ing's rud - dy light Bids man to la - bor go,
2. The cheer-ful lark sings sweet and clear, The blackbird chirps a - way,
3. The maid-ens come in glad-some train, And skip a - long their way,
4. And when the harv-est all is done, We give our joys the wing,



We haste with scythes all sharp and bright The meadow's grass to mow,  
 And all is live - ly, sprightly, here, Like mer - ry, mer - ry May,  
 Re-joiced to tread the gras - sy plain, And toss the new-mown hay,  
 And hap - py voic - es, all as one, Make heav'n with mu - sic ring!



We mow-ers, dal de ral dey! We cut the lil - lies and ha, ha, ha,  
 We mow-ers, dal de ral dey! We roll the swaths of green ha, ha, ha,  
 The maidens, dal de ral dey! They rake the lil - lies and ha, ha, ha,  
 Thrice hail ye! dal de ral dey! Thrice hail ye! ye who make ha, ha, ha,



ha, ha, ha, hay; Hey-day! yes, hay, hey-day! We cut the lil - lies and hay.  
 ha, ha, ha, hay; Hey-day! yes, hay, hey-day! We roll the swaths of green hay.  
 ha, ha, ha, hay; Hey-day! yes, hay, hey-day! They rake the lil - lies and hay.  
 ha, ha, ha, hay; Hey-day! yes, hay, hey-day! Thrice hail ye! ye who make hay.

## Rural Delights

From *The Seasons*

1. Bright-ly, bright-ly gleam the sparkling rills; Sum-mer, Sum-mer  
 2. O - dors, o - dors load the sum-mer air, Mu-sic, mu - sic  
 3. Faint-ly, faint - ly sounds the dis-tant fall; Light-ly, light - ly,  
 (Semi-Chorus)

sleeps on ver-dant hills; A - mid the shades we, ram - bling, stray,  
 sweet - ly ech - oes there; And brightest maids, with soft - est glance,  
 wood-land ech - oes call; And in their voice we deem we hear

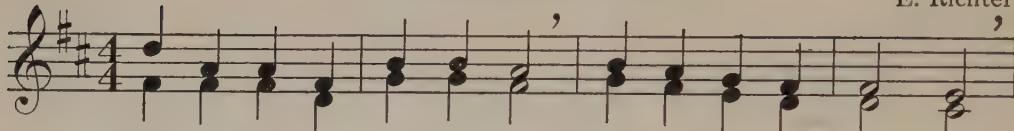
When cool - ing fountains sport - ive play. Peal - ing, peal - ing,  
 There join the song and lead the dance; Peal - ing, peal - ing,  
 The tones of friends once gay and dear. Peal - ing, peal - ing,  
 (Chorus)

come the laugh and shout; } While gay - ly we sing, till the old forests ring,  
 come the laugh and shout; } join the laugh and shout; }

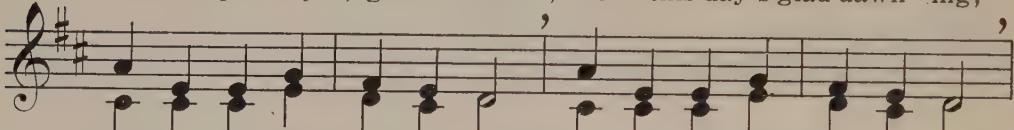
While gay - ly we sing, till the old forests ring, With the joy of our mer - ry  
 rout, With the joy of our mer - ry rout.

## Christmas Eve

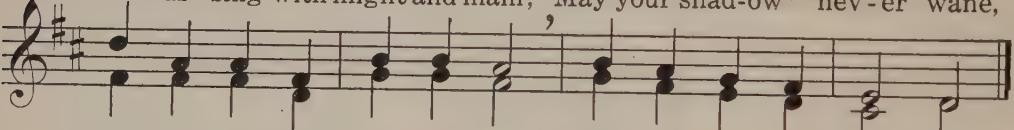
E. Richter



1. Christ-mas eve is here at last, Come, with bells a - ring - ing!  
 2. Christ-mas morning's here at last, Come, with tune-ful sing - ing!  
 3. Hear us praise you, good St. Nick, On this day's glad dawn - ing;



Hol-ly wreaths and mis - tle - toe, Trees that twink-ling ta - pers show,  
 Stock-ings full for you and me, Treasures 'neath the Christmas tree,  
 Hear us sing with might and main; May your shad-ow nev - er wane,



Hap - py fa - ces all a - glow Christ-mas eve is bring - ing.  
 Hearts that beat with mirth and glee Christ-mas day is bring - ing.  
 Rich - er bless-ings on us rain Ev - 'ry Christ-mas morn - ing.

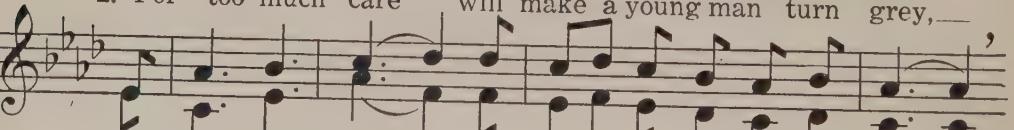
## Begone! Dull Care

Old English

English Folk Song



1. Be - gone, dull care, I pri-thee be - gone from me!  
 2. For too much care will make a young man turn grey,



Be - gone, dull care! 'you and I shall nev - er a - gree.  
 And too much care will turn an old man to clay.



Long time hast thou been tarry'ng here, And fain thou would'st me kill,  
My wife shall dance and I will sing, So mer-ri-ly pass the day,

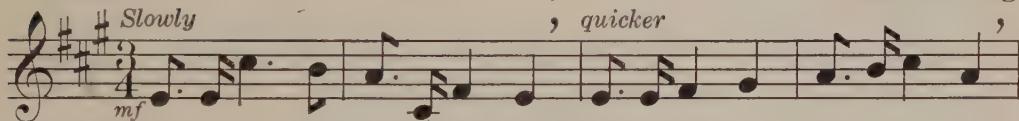


But in faith, dull care, Thou nev-er shall have thy will.  
For I hold it one of the wisest things To drive dull care a - way.

## May Time

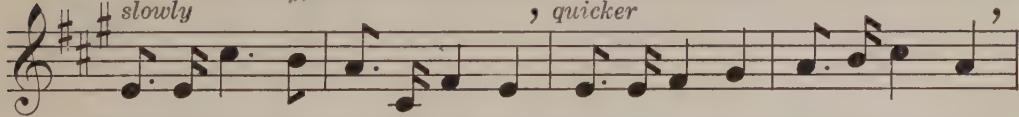
A. Heinrici

Polish Folk Song



, quicker

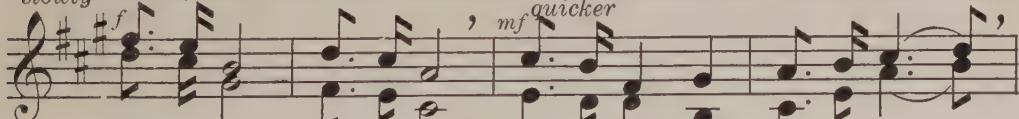
1. When the spring with magic fin-ger, Taps at earth's dark por-tal drear-y,
2. Birdlings car - ol sweetest music, Springtime's joy to us they're bringing,
3. Sil-v'ry rain falls softly round us, Earth drinks deeply in her gladness,



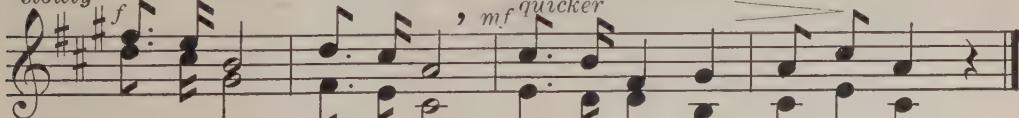
Then, re-leas'd, the pri-son'd voi-ces Sing their songs so sweet and cheer-y,

And my heart o - beys the summons In the wondrous song they're singing.

*slowly* And my soul, its life re-new-ing, Quite forgets the win-ter's sad-ness.



*slowly* Love - ly May, joy - ous May, Win - ter drear has pass'd a - way!

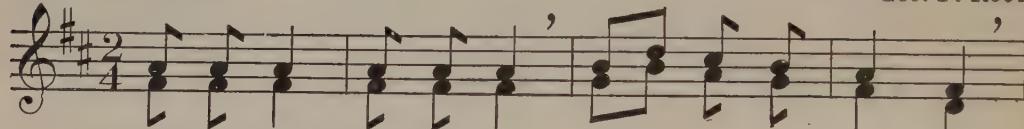


Love - ly May, joy - ous May, Win - ter drear has pass'd a - way!

## The Drummer Boy

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade

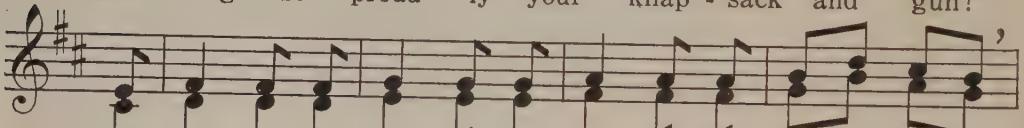
Geo. F. Root



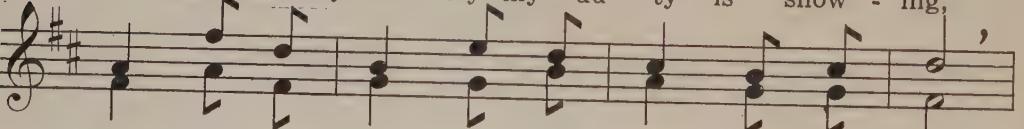
1. "Drum-mer boy, drum-mer boy, Where are you speed - ing,  
 2. "Col - or boy, col - or boy, Where are you hie - ing,  
 3. "Sol - dier boy, sol - dier boy, Where are you go - ing,



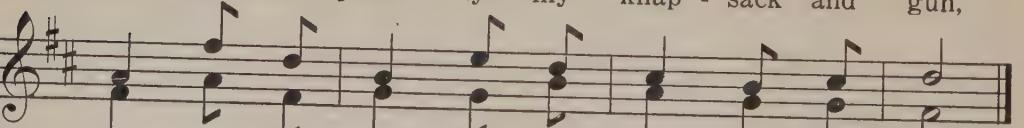
Roll - ing so gai - ly your bold rat - a - plan?"  
 Wav - ing your ban - ner of red, white, and blue?"  
 Bear - ing so proud - ly your knap - sack and gun?"



"I go where my coun - try my ser - vice is need - ing,  
 "I go where the flag of the free should be fly - ing,  
 "I go where my coun - try my du - ty is show - ing,



Roll - ing so gai - ly my bold rat - a - plan,  
 Wav - ing my ban - ner of red, white, and blue,  
 Bear - ing so proud - ly my knap - sack and gun,



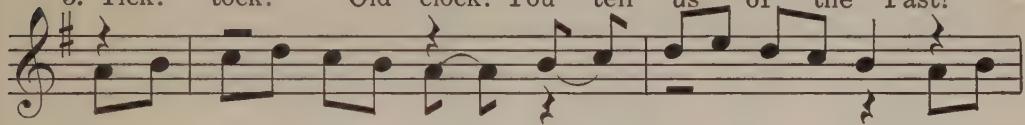
Roll - ing so gai - ly my bold rat - a - plan."  
 Wav - ing my ban - ner of red, white, and blue."  
 Bear - ing so proud - ly my knap - sack and gun."

## Our Old Clock

Lowell Mason



1. Tick! tock! Old clock! What are you say - ing now?  
 2. Tick! tock! Old clock! You tell the same old tale  
 3. Tick! tock! Old clock! You tell of days of truth!  
 4. Tick! tock! Old clock! You look so soft - ly down,  
 5. Tick! tock! Old clock! You tell us of the Past!



A sun - beam glides o'er the dear old face, Where  
 Of sun - ny year, when the chil - dren's feet Were  
 When gol - den sands thro' the hour - glass ran, And  
 To see the form that is sit - ting now, With  
 And still your fin - ger is point - ing on To

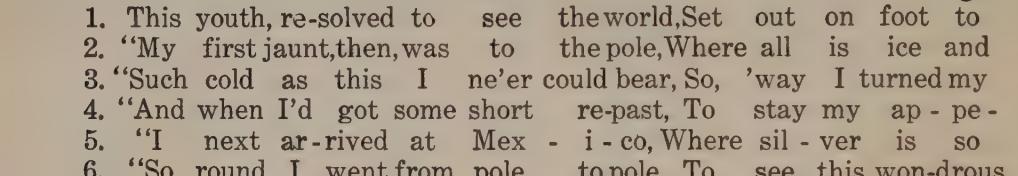


Time's own fin - ger has left no trace Up - on the fair, white  
 bound-ing forth in their joy to meet The first spring blos - som  
 rain - bow - light did with glo - ry span The splen-did dreams of  
 sil - vered head that is bend-ing low, Be - side the hearth,a -  
 bright-er hours, when our rest is won, And Time shall cease at

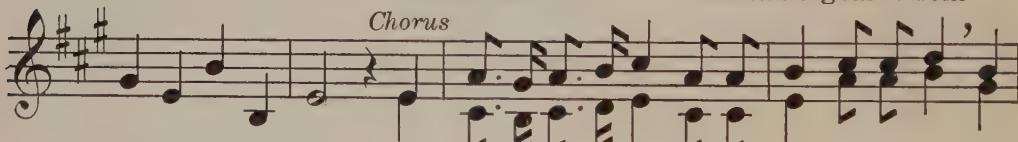


brow, Up - on the fair, white brow.  
 pale, The first spring blos - som pale.  
 youth, The splen - did dreams of youth.  
 lone, Be - side the hearth a - lone.  
 last, And Time shall cease at last.

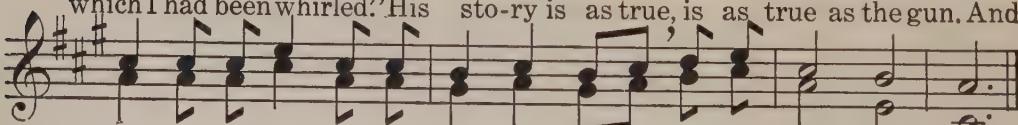
## The Traveler



## Chorus



wise and great to grow. His sto-ry is as true, is as true as the gun. Go  
 tree nor plant can grow." His sto-ry is as true, is as true as the gun. Go  
 make you die of heat." His sto-ry is as true, is as true as the gun. Go  
 stayed a sin-gle night." His sto-ry is as true, is as true as the gun. Go  
 fill my bag right quick." His sto-ry is as true, is as true as the gun. Go  
 which I had been whirled?" His sto-ry is as true, is as true as the gun. And



on, then, go on till the tale is done, till the tale is done.  
 on, then, go on till the tale is done, till the tale is done.  
 on, then, go on till the tale is done, till the tale is done.  
 on, then, go on till the tale is done, till the tale is done.  
 on, then, go on till the tale is done, till the tale is done.  
 more he could tell, but he now has done, But he now has done.

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\*Composed for *The Progressive Music Series*.



## FACSIMILE OF PIANOFORT



KEYBOARD (TWO OCTAVES)

